

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1872.

The Week.

A MOVEMENT which may prove of great importance, and is likely at all events to give the Democrats a fair opportunity of trying their "passive policy," was begun in Jefferson City, Missouri, on the 24th inst., by the calling of a mass convention of Liberal Republicans, which was largely attended, nearly every county in the State being represented, and which closed its proceedings by issuing a call for a National Convention at Cincinnati, on the first Monday in May next, "to take such action as their convictions of duty and of public exigencies may require." The platform was very significant, and we do not know of a single objection which anybody who seriously believes in the principles of the Republican party can make to it, except that General Grant could not be nominated on it. The convention declared its adhesion to sovereignty of the Union, emancipation, equality of civil rights or enfranchisement; that peace and purity in administration can only come from such reconciliation as enfranchisement has wrought in Missouri; demanded complete amnesty and equal suffrage for all; a reform of the tariff, and the removal of such duties as, in addition to the revenue yielded to the Treasury, involve an increase in the price of domestic products; denounced the use of Federal patronage for the control of elections; called for a thorough and genuine reform of the public services; eulogized the senators who pressed for the recent investigation; rebuked "the use of coercion to ratify a treaty," the "packing of the Supreme Court to relieve rich corporations," the use of unconstitutional laws "to cure the Ku-klux disorders, irreligion, or intemperance," and, finally, corruption in general, and called for an "uprising of honest citizens."

The proceedings in Congress during the week have been almost without interest, and it is pretty clear that "the friends of the Administration" are eager to get into the canvass, and are determined that no legislation of importance shall take place this session. The Senate has passed the joint resolution fixing the 29th of May as the day of adjournment. All attempts on the part of the independent senators to procure the passage of a resolution providing that there should be no adjournment till the Service Bill was passed and the tariff revised, and a vote reached in the House on the bill repealing the duty on coal, proved failures. It is a significant circumstance, and one which we commend to the attention of the public, that the only senators who voted for the civil-service proviso were Trumbull, Schurz, Sumner, Tipton, and Fenton. In fact, it is pretty clear that the Administration senators will be very well content with the new rules if they are not acted on, and, while very desirous that the President should have the credit of reforming the civil service, are opposed to his reforming it. Their position in the matter was well expressed in the Conklingite resolution of the last New York State Convention, which lauded the President for having "by considerate investigation made worthy efforts for the reform of the civil service."

There was some debate on Friday, in which Gen. Garfield took the lead, on the question of the public printing, the text being furnished by the very handsome volumes of the U. S. Expedition for the Geological Survey of the 40th Parallel—under the auspices, as our readers are aware, of the War Department. A great deal of what was said as to the necessity of some restraint upon the cost of our public documents we quite agree with; and we admit that some slight economy might have been effected in the mere letterpress of this magnificent work. But both Mr. Garfield and Mr. Dawes

seemed to have an idea that had it been printed "in fair, honest, plain type," and nothing more, like "other public documents of which Congress has control," it would somehow have become popular reading—at any rate, the people would not be cheated, as they now are, by the use of toned paper with good binding and gilt edges. Nothing could be more delusive. Be the printing cheap or dear, in good taste or in vile, the nature of such a work precludes it from being of immediate use or interest to any but a very limited class of persons, and its proper destination is at once the public libraries of the country and the archives of foreign governments and scientific bodies. The people at large are as incompetent to judge of the value of its physical surveys—for instance, of its mapping out the Comstock Lode with a thoroughness never equalled on so grand a scale in any country in the world—as the Commissioner of Agriculture is to appreciate the good that can come to "practical" farming from his botanist's herbarium. They would probably begin their retrenchment by cutting off the maps and illustrations, which are of course the most expensive feature of the publication; and even Gen. Garfield, who happens to live near coal mines with hoisting apparatus, could find fault with a plate representing the same thing at the silver mines. In short, if we take a "popular" view of the labors and services of Mr. Clarence Cook and his associates, we shall have to condemn the War Department for sending them out before proceeding to condemn the public printer for extravagance; but if we take the rational view of intelligent men, we may as well acknowledge that this Exploration is in the highest degree creditable to the Government which ordered it and the parties who have executed it, and that the printed embodiment of its invaluable results is well calculated to increase the respect for American science now entertained abroad, as well as to stimulate scientific pursuits at home.

The "Short Cut" has received a finishing stroke in the report of the majority of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments do not give women the suffrage, and that Congress has nothing to do with giving it to them in any event. The conduct of a mob of women who assembled to obtain entrance to the committee-room on the morning of the hearing, and their language with regard to members of the committee supposed to take a hostile view of the suffrage, were not calculated to inspire one with hopeful views about the "purifying and elevating influence" of the great reform on politics. Nor did they, according to all account, give much evidence of the abasement and humiliation produced by ninety thousand years of male oppression, or whatever the period is on which scientific men have fixed as that at which man became a conscious and responsible tyrant with regard to the female sex. The faithful Butler was, at the close of the fray, presented with a big bouquet, which he kept on his desk for a whole day, the envy and admiration of weaker-kneed statesmen.

Mr. Sumner has proposed an amendment to the bill for the removal of the legal and political disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which provides, under heavy penalties for opposition or obstruction, for the admission of persons of color to all public conveyances by land or water, all theatres and other places of amusement, and to all schools, churches, cemeteries, and benevolent institutions incorporated by national or State authority. Now, there can be no question as to the propriety of forcing common carriers to afford all citizens accommodation on equal footing, and there is the same thing to be said with regard to licensed innkeepers. Men must travel on their lawful occasions, and the means of travel are now, and indeed have been ever since stage-coaches were established, great monopolies, to which everybody must resort *volens volens*. In travelling, too, one must often use

inns, and in large numbers of places there is only one inn, and in most places there are only a few; and there is hardly any place in the country which can support even one good inn for persons of a particular race, color, persuasion, or other small class. To allow common carriers, therefore, or innkeepers to refuse to afford a man accommodation on the ground of his color, is to arm them with the power of inflicting a penalty which is sure at all times to be severe, and may sometimes be terrible, for it may prove one of the most ingenious combinations of insult and injury to which a human being can be exposed. In seeking to deprive them of such a power, Mr. Sumner will have the sympathy and support of all right-minded men. It is preposterous to allow a steamboat captain, navigating American waters, under the American flag, or a railroad company owing its very existence to the law, or an innkeeper carrying on his business with peculiar privileges, to degrade and harass people because their complexion raises disagreeable associations in certain people's minds. We may add, too, that the prejudice against color is supported by restrictions directed against color. Thousands of people who could not bear to ride in the street-cars with colored people in this city as long as the companies did not compel them to do so, now that they must do so, or walk, find no difficulty in it. Here we stand on firm ground, where there is no room for the play of taste.

The attempt to compel the owners of all cemeteries, theatres, and other licensed places of amusement to accommodate colored persons on the same terms as whites must be judged by a different standard, as here we get into the field of pure taste and sentiment. There is nothing which is more purely a matter of sentiment than the place and manner of a man's burial. The legislator has no right to concern himself about it, further than may be necessary for the protection of the public health and the maintenance of order and decency. It is of no sort of consequence to the State where a person is buried if proper arrangements have been made with the owner of the soil, or how he is buried, if the grave is of the proper depth. Nothing could, therefore, be more tyrannical or less excusable than either to force him to be buried in a particular place, or force others to receive his body among the graves of their friends. To compel people to inter negroes, Turks, Jews, infidels, heretics, or any other class of persons to whom, for any reason, whether wise or foolish, they entertain an antipathy, beside their deceased friends and relatives, would not be a civil right, but a civil wrong of the most ridiculous character; and if the colored people have as much sense as we believe them to have, they will ask Mr. Sumner to let them bury their own dead, in their own way, among such persons as are willing to wait for the resurrection in their company. Graveyards are no places for the service of writs, and the denizens of tombs do not care a rush for disabilities based on race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

The same argument applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the compulsory admission of colored persons to theatres. The exclusion of them is absurd, but it is a matter of taste. If there be any such thing as a natural right, it is the right to select the company in which we shall amuse ourselves. If anybody chose to open a theatre for the entertainment of fair people exclusively, it would be a silly outrage to compel him to throw his doors open to dark people. We should have a right to laugh at him, or preach at him, but not to legislate against him. We might nearly as well lay down rules by law for the admission of persons to the various clubs of this city, as to deprive managers of theatres of the right of deciding for what classes of persons they will play. The surest way of hardening a social prejudice is to levy penalties for the display of it in matters which the community does not believe to be in the domain of law. We desire to see colored people occupying such places in every theatre as they are able to pay for, but we desire to see them gain admission

through improvement in the moral sense of the community and not through the assistance of the United States marshal.

The Custom-house investigation has gone on through the week in the old style. It would be useless, even if our space permitted, to attempt any further summing up of its results. The abuses disclosed continue to be the same in character as those which came to light the first week. The Administration organs, which were at first confident there was nothing to be found out, and that the whole affair was a mere "Schurz-Fenton trick," now admit that a good deal has been found out, but they throw the blame on "the system." "The system" plays much the same part in political that "the cat" plays in domestic life. Whenever a politician finds himself confronted with unmistakable and undeniable misdeeds, the chances are that he will first try to throw the blame on Andrew Johnson, but this failing he will declare that it was "the system" which led him astray. In commercial life, there being generally no "system" to seek shelter under, the friends of a rogue are apt to say, if indeed he does not say it himself, that he is living in a "transition period," meaning that, having got rid of his old reasons for being honest, and having indefinitely put off the duty of providing himself with new ones, he is at liberty to do pretty much as he pleases. The contemplation of "the system" at the Custom-house now seems to make Murphy and his backers quite sad. They think it ought to be reformed, but whose duty it is to do it they cannot for the life of them find out. One thing they do know, and this is, that reform just now would be very inexpedient, and, in fact, is not to be looked for. Who ever heard of "the system" being reformed immediately? Their surrender of "the system" to public odium is, however, rather odd, as they publish, every now and then, long statements, showing that it works to perfection, that all frauds are exposed and delinquents are punished under it, and that when any officer indulges under it in a little picking and stealing, or "compromising," he is nearly sure to be an appointee of that old reprobate, Andrew Johnson.

The great case of *Sheehan against Murphy, etc.*, for the recovery of \$30, levied as a political assessment in the Custom-house, came off on Saturday in the Justices' Court. Sheehan seems to have signally failed in proving the posting up of the notice in the Surveyor's room, though it was admitted that the money was paid under the assessment; but the defendants maintained, and successfully, that it was "paid voluntarily," so the complaint was dismissed. These "voluntary" payments at the Custom-house remind one of the address of the French colonel to his regiment on election day, in which he informed them that every soldier could vote as he pleased, but it was right and proper that all should know how he (the colonel) was going to vote himself, and the *sous-officiers* were directed to put down the names of all men who took a different view of the public affairs from that taken by him. An instructive illustration of the present condition of the Fenton-Conkling quarrel is to be found in the fact that the *Times* looks on Sheehan's failure to prove the posting of the notice as a great triumph over the *Tribune*, and dares this cowardly assailant of the Administration and its "Toms" to acknowledge itself beaten.

Governor Scott, of South Carolina, has defended himself against the charges made against him by the impeachers in a special message. His defence with regard to the alleged over-issue of State bonds, which is the only point of much interest to the public here, is twofold—first, that there has not been any "over-issue"; and, secondly, that if there was, he is not responsible for it. As we pointed out some months ago, the last Legislature directed the government to raise a certain sum of money, but placed no limit on the number of bonds that might be issued for that purpose—as ingenious a temptation to malfeasance as was perhaps ever

offered to an executive. So it got bonds ready to the amount of \$22,540,000, of which \$8,200,000 were to be used in the conversion of the State debt, and the law expressly prohibited their issue except on the call of holders of State securities already extant. Now of these bonds Governor Scott's own account shows that only \$1,360,500 have been called for in the manner prescribed by law; that only \$501,000 have been cancelled; and the question what has become of the remaining \$6,438,500 is a question which agitates the financial world, and which he does not answer. If this amount has become, as he admits virtually, a part of the State debt, it has become so illegally, and the only remaining point for discussion is the extent of Governor Scott's complicity in a responsibility for the fraud, for such it is in law, if not in words. He endeavors to clear himself of this by alleging that the law gave "the financial agent" exclusive authority to pledge the bonds of the State which the State now has, or may hereafter have, in its possession as collateral security for the State loans. The financial agent, however, such as he was, was the appointee of and was dismissible by the Financial Board, composed of the Governor, State Treasurer, and Attorney-General; and when we say that his reckless operations in New York have ruined the State credit, and that bonds which were created by law for a special purpose could not have been honestly held by the executive to have been "in the possession of the State," and, therefore, deliverable to Kimpton for any other purpose, we think we leave this question of the Governor's defence in a very undesirable condition. We shall pass over, too, without notice the disgraceful if not suspicious fact that Governor and Treasurer, or, in other words, the Financial Board, at different times previous to the late breakdown, gave three widely different accounts of the amount and composition of the State debt. The Governor now confesses that they raised money in New York to meet enormous deficits in the revenue, at rates varying from 15 to 20 per cent., pledging bonds as collateral, in the proportion of twenty-five cents in bonds to the dollar borrowed. The proper division of responsibility between himself, Parker, and Kimpton, is indeed the point on which his defence is strongest, but it is one which there is but little to be made of. His attempt to get the Union Trust Company of this city to become his financial agent has, we believe, failed.

Judge Jameson, of Illinois, the well-known author of the work on the Constitutional Convention, has given a decision in another suit brought in that State by two women against the inspectors of election for refusing to register them as voters. The court took substantially the same ground as Judge Carter of Washington, and Judge Sharswood of Philadelphia, that citizenship does not involve the right to vote; that women are citizens as minors are, and may be made voters if the people please, but are not now voters; that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments do not affect the question of female suffrage; that "history and common sense" refute the notion that women have under these amendments acquired any rights they did not previously possess; that there is no such thing as a "natural right" to the suffrage, that right being wholly artificial, and bestowed or withheld by that portion of the community which possesses the power to bestow or withhold it. On the general question of the policy of amending the law so as to permit women to vote, Judge Jameson said "he saw no ground for refusing it whenever a general demand for the suffrage was made by women themselves." But he added "that if they wish to enter the capitol as legislators, they ought to wait till they can effect their entrance there legally and directly by the door, and not seek to climb thither some other way through passages intended for wholly different purposes"—in which view of the "Short Cut" we think the great majority of sober-minded and honest people will agree with him.

The questions which have been most prominent in England of late are social questions. The trades-unions have been holding a

convention at Nottingham, which has been largely attended by both workingmen and capitalists, and at which the best of feeling has prevailed, and at which there was produced, for a wonder, a substantial legal grievance, viz., the state of the criminal law, which makes the agent of a trades-union who duns a man for his dues on his way to or from his work guilty of "besetting him" with a view to intimidation. It will probably be now amended. Mr. Scott Russell has recovered from the confusion into which he was thrown by the failure of his celebrated scheme for reconciling the aristocracy and the working-classes, and has published a long letter, in which he intimates that he has again something to disclose of a serious nature. He now declares that villages and towns should have power to purchase outlying lands, and cover them with detached cottages, gardens, school-houses, and places of recreation for the use of the workingmen, and he would have the day's work restricted to eight hours.

The most healthy sign which has appeared in French politics for a long while is the defeat of Victor Hugo at an election of a deputy to the Assembly from Paris by M. Vautrain. To be sure, he got 93,423 votes against 121,158, but there were an enormous number of "abstentions," and probably on the part of persons who, if they had voted, would have voted for M. Vautrain. It is, of course, surprising to us that so many persons should be found to vote for a man who, in all that relates to politics, has for some years back given most of the evidences of what is ordinarily termed insanity, but, then, that the majority have not done so, is a sign of progress. M. Vautrain is a real republican, and of long standing, having thrown up the mayoralty of a Paris arrondissement as a protest against the *coup d'état*, but knows well what are the conditions of a republic, and labors to produce them with thorough sagacity, patience, and good sense. He was the candidate supported by the Government, and he is considered a valuable addition to the Chamber.

The Germans are apparently fully aware of the difficulties the future may have in store for them, and Bismarck is addressing himself to the study of the new problem with his old zest. Nothing is left undone at present to keep the Russians in good humor, and to avoid precipitating a crisis, but the task of building up Germany and filling her with self-confidence is pursued with the same uncompromising zeal. One of the small but remarkable signs of Bismarck's temper has just been shown in his directing the substitution of German for French as the German diplomatic language, thus departing from a practice two centuries old, and which England and the United States have alone hitherto ventured to resist. Its adoption was one of the first-fruits of French ascendancy under Louis XIV.; its disuse is one of the first-fruits of French decline, but it will doubtless help to open the eyes of the French to the necessity of learning foreign languages, to their ignorance of which many critics ascribe in large part their military reverses, and M. Martins, in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, their lamentable falling off during the last forty years in scientific research. Bismarck's most serious difficulty, at this moment, is the state of feeling in Alsace. In the course of this year, 1872, under the law, all Alsations must decide whether they will remain French or become German, and the German law of conscription takes effect. The result is a great emigration of the young men into France, which threatens to assume alarming proportions, and the Mayor of Mühlhausen has written a letter to Prince Bismarck, asking him, as a matter of policy, not to enforce the law for six years. The Catholic clergy are also assuming a position of rancorous hostility to the Government on the school question, and, although the German policy in the new territory is acknowledged to have been on the whole very moderate and conciliatory, the situation is full of great difficulties.

THE REFORM MOVEMENT.

IT is now more than six months since the outburst of indignation began which finally overthrew the New York Ring, and which, through its influence on popular sentiment throughout the country, did a great deal towards absorbing all political questions into the one great question—how to prevent politics being made a trade by adventurers anxious to enrich themselves. There is now hardly a State or county in which the citizens are not occupied more seriously with this problem than with any other; and it is interesting and instructive to see how many local rings were brought to light as soon as public attention began to be turned in good earnest towards this subject. Indeed, whichever way we look, we find the community engaged in the singular occupation of devising ways and means of preventing itself from being sold out by its appointed guardians. Much of this zeal is unquestionably due not less to the indignation excited by the exposure of the New York frauds than to the success of the first assault made on the New York Ring. Considering all the circumstances of the case, there has perhaps been nothing in political history more remarkable and more brilliant than the movement which closed with the November election in this State. Between July and November the public indignation was kept at white heat by a rapid succession of exposures of the most extraordinary kind and by the prospect of reaching them effectively within a brief period by the ballot-box. When the election came, the result more than realized the expectations even of the most sanguine. Not only did the reform movement hand the State over to the Republicans, but it almost swept away the Democratic majority in this city, and gave the reformers, to all outward appearance, the most powerful majority in the Legislature possessed by any party in this State for a great many years. In fact, it armed them with the power of doing anything they pleased within the limits set by the constitution, and there were signs, by which many were deceived, that we had reached the halcyon days in which zeal for the common good was to take the place of party spirit.

Since the election, however, it must be admitted that the movement has slackened, and we do not think we exaggerate when we say that many men, by no means pessimists, and possessing a full knowledge of what is passing "inside politics," begin to fear not that it has spent its force, but that, after all, the forces of corruption are not yet overthrown, and that we have before us still another stage of abasement through which we must pass, and which it will take many years to pass, before we can look for anything like complete purification.

The grounds of these fears are mainly to be found in the lukewarmness or, to express it more accurately, the low tone of the Legislature. Two-thirds of its members are Republican; three-fourths, we believe, are new men, unfamiliar as yet with the arts of the Ring; and the leaders of the reform movement in this city who went up to Albany when the Legislature opened glowing with hope and enthusiasm, and expecting to see short work made with the corruptionists, and, the ground having been cleared of abuses, the immediate initiation of constructive measures, have been sadly disappointed. There is, of course, always a good deal of allowance to be made for the reluctance of legislators who are called on to provide working machinery, to travel as fast as agitators who are hot from the work of destruction; but then, in judging the Albany Legislature, it has to be taken into account that it was reasonable to expect that members from the rural districts, of whom it is mainly composed, would be more deeply moved by the Ring frauds, and therefore more eager to act promptly on them, than New Yorkers, who have for ten years been familiar with the spectacle; that the corruption of the judges in particular—a phenomenon said to be unknown in the interior of the State—would rouse them more than it rouses the people of the city, who have looked on it so long that they have learnt to laugh at it, and lead to instant action; that the sessions of the Legislature are limited to one hundred days, which is little enough for ordinary work, far too little, even with the greatest zeal, for the work now before it; and that

the experience of the last few years proves that the power of the corruptionists is always weakest at the opening of the session, most members coming up with honest intentions, and only succumbing after the lobby has had a few weeks to work on them, the delay of valuable measures generally proving equivalent to defeat.

Now the reformers have found to their surprise that the Legislature was when it met not only not in an excited but not in a zealous frame of mind, and that indeed its temper, whatever its character, was not materially different from that of its predecessors. There is not and there has not been any disposition to attack the New York question vigorously. After sitting a month out of its three, it has done nothing towards reform beyond passing a bill creating a board of audit to pass on some eight millions of old claims against the city, and another legalizing the action of the anti-Ring Grand Jury of the Court of Sessions. The case of the corrupt judges has not been even alluded to. A committee of the Bar Association laboriously collected evidence to support an impeachment, and carried it up to Albany, and were severely snubbed for their pains, and given so plainly to understand that the Legislature would attend to that matter itself, and did not care for help from the outside, that they have come back home sadder and somewhat wiser. When we consider the length of time impeachment proceedings consume, it will be seen that the prospect of judicial reform begins to look gloomy. The new charter is now under consideration, the in the main excellent draught of the Committee of Seventy having been taken as the basis of legislative action, but we are unable to say what progress is likely to be made with it. The Erie Ring is still untouched, but by no means inactive, if we may judge from the petitions which pour in asking for the continued swindling of the English stockholders, on the good old savage, we will not say pagan, ground that they are foreigners. It is rather disheartening to see that not one man has shown himself in either House capable of taking charge of legislation, or whom the majority listen to with any respect. Mr. Tilden would, it was hoped and believed, have had a good deal of influence on legislation relating to this city, but he has found himself all but totally disregarded, and does not attempt to raise his voice.

We have thus far been complaining of the small amount that has been done, and this is really all that there is as yet to complain of; but we meet every day with the opinion among the best informed men that very little will be done; that the agents of the Ring are playing their old game with the old success, every day of delay enabling them to strengthen their position; and that when Tweed goes up this week he will find that his month's delay in taking his seat has done him no harm. We find, too, and among Republicans as well as Democrats, a strong suspicion that whatever is done will be done in such fashion that the Republican party, and especially the Administration wing of it, will get the full benefit, at least during the coming year, of the power which the revolution has thrown into its hands. These are, of course, only suspicions. They may not be well-founded; but, should events justify them, it is not difficult to predict what the effect would be on the fortunes of the party in this State. The intelligent and respectable Democrats have in a burst of public spirit and under the pressure of frightful abuses given it its present majority. If it were at the present crisis to show itself a party of radical reform, and make a clean sweep of the abuses, both State and municipal, under which we are groaning, it would retain permanently the allegiance of tens of thousands of those old enemies to whose votes it owes its present ascendancy. Should it now disappoint their expectations, and convert the reform movement into an electioneering machine for use in the Presidential campaign, we venture to predict that it will be a good many years before it has another chance of doing the same thing.

A variety of circumstances have combined to produce this gloomy prospect, and in considering how gloomy it is we must remember how much we suffered and how much the Ring dared before the rising of last November took place. Of course the division of the Republican party into two hostile factions must be placed foremost among them; but this division has been aggravated and made

more mischievous by the attitude of the Administration. As we have frequently pointed out, and as everybody knows, the Fenton-Conkling feud could not have been kept up if the Administration had not supplied patronage to the Conklingites to enable them to vanquish their opponents in the primaries and at the convention. The result of giving the Conklingites the control of the Federal offices for use in the local scrimmage, and the reception into the President's confidence, and indeed intimacy, of a Conklingite politician of a low grade, has been of course to make the Conklingites secretly hostile to all reform out of which they were not likely to reap some advantage, and to attach them fanatically to the very arts through which the Ring attained its supremacy—that is, the art of “controlling primaries” by hired men, dividing and redividing offices and “plums” so as to satisfy the greatest possible number of retainers. In all these things the Custom-house has differed from the City Hall simply in the fact that nobody in the Custom-house stole openly, as Tweed, and Watson, and Connolly did. On the other hand, this same state of things either rendered the Fentonites indifferent to changes which would deprive them of all prospect of revenge, or has exposed all their reformatory zeal to the imputation of being inspired by “sore-head” spleen, and has made, we need hardly say, all concert of action impossible. At Albany they are fighting each other with far more bitterness than either has ever fought the Ring, and the Tammany men are said to be rapidly learning how to use each clan against the other. A striking illustration of the condition of their political morals is to be found in the fact that one side is very indignant over the failings of “Hank” Smith, but numbers among its own chiefs the renowned “Jimmy” O'Brien; while the friends of “Hank,” though preserving a respectful silence with regard to his numerous imperfections, are greatly outraged by the contemplation of those of “Jimmy.” To cap the climax, each of them has got possession of one of the leading Republican papers, which abuse each other heartily every morning.

This would have been a sufficiently unfortunate state of things even if the President had not appeared on the scene, at the outset of the reform movement, as a candidate for renomination. This produced two unfortunate results. It not only quickened the zeal of the Conklingites, and inflamed the animosity of the Fentonites, but it gave the Administration, and its friends and organs, a strong leaning against the spirit and processes by which alone the reform movement could hope for success—that is, the spirit of suspicion and enquiry, and the process of investigation and exposure, without fear or favor. It led them to see, in that most necessary step in any attempt at real civil-service reform—the Custom-house investigation—an insidious attack on the President as a candidate for re-election, and made them, after opposing it with all their might, accept it with the greatest reluctance, and with a firm determination that the exposures should be as few as possible. It is difficult to illustrate what we mean in any way so well as by citing the case of the New York Times, which was a fearless reform organ, and had acquired a powerful hold on the confidence of the public of all parties down to the meeting of Congress. The necessity of “supporting the Administration” then drove it at once into the position of an opponent of any measure, however salutary, which seemed likely to injure General Grant's chances of renomination, or to further the infamous designs of Schurz, Fenton, and Trumbull; and its reports and comments on the Custom-house enquiry have been remarkable as an attempt to ride two horses—that is, as a reformer, it has to clamor in one column for thorough revelation on all State and city abuses; while in the next it has to pooh-pooh the investigation into Federal abuses, to “castigate” those engaged in carrying it on, and belittle the evidence. Now, it is easy to see what a very different influence on the politics of the State the Administration might have had if General Grant were going out of office, or had nothing to fear from an overhauling of the Administrative machine, and could lend his whole weight to the breaking up of the system which produces the Hank Smiths and Tom Murphys just as much as the Tweeds and Sweenys, and which, as long as it lasts, must render all reform partial or

short-lived, if not nugatory. It would be difficult to overestimate the purifying influence on local politics of the spectacle of a Custom-house conducted like a merchant's office, presided over by a respectable and honored citizen who devoted himself to the collection of the revenue, and managed by decent men who attended primaries or not, as their inclination prompted.

THE NATIONAL GUARD IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE National Guard is one of the many institutions which the Italians have imported from France ready-made, as it were, and free of duty. The article was never examined at the frontier or at home either. Every other institution, from that of royalty to the grist-tax, has, occasionally at least, been discussed and criticised. But the *raison d'être* of the National Guard has never been made the subject of any serious enquiry. The general or, we will say, the original and now purely ideal meaning of this institution is well-known and deservedly approved of. But it might have been worth while, ere this, to ascertain whether that abstract meaning holds good in the concrete case of Italy. On its validity depends not only the actual value of the institution but the very possibility of its ever becoming useful. The habitual pessimists and fault-finders of Italy have hitherto been the men of the Left, who, having never (or hardly ever) been in power, had naturally to do the work of the opposition. And this may be one of the reasons, if not the only one, why the usefulness of the National Guard has never been impugned, since its maintenance, even if proved to be an error, would be an error on that side which a democratic opposition would naturally call their side and, therefore, the safe side.

Only recently, when the “Federation of the National Guard” in France had shown to the world what armed burghers are capable of, and that their errors, if such they commit, are not necessarily on what would by ordinary men be called the safer side, the moderate part of the Italian press and especially the more spirited and less pathetic papers indulged, for the first time, in some facetious remarks on the subject, timidly hinting at the possible superfluity of the self-styled “palladium” of Italian liberty. Not that they saw in the French disorders anything like a warning to Italy: the contrast between the two national temperaments was too great to admit of any such ominous parallel being drawn between the steady constitutionalism of Italy and the fitful political saturnalia of France. But this being so, it was rational to ask whether the people's rights required the same degree and the same kind of protection in Italy as in France, and, if they required any protection, whether the Italian National Guard, although a faithful copy of the French National Guard, was likely to afford, or capable of affording, such protection. The Italian critics, taking its harmlessness for granted, point out that its abolition would be equally harmless, and there are probably few men in Italy who seriously think that if this “palladium” were stolen, their Troy would fall and perish. If no Ulysses has yet come forth to commit the *pia fraus*, it is probably from fear of rousing the political Cerberus, who would bark over any bone however hollow and fleshless it may be.

The *Fanfulla*, a comic and very clever paper of Florence (now published in Rome), one day astonished its readers by reminding them that the National Guard is, if not an anti-constitutional, at least an extra-constitutional institution, of which the Italian *Statuto* makes no mention whatever. That alone would, of course, be no argument against it. But the remark is literally (though not essentially) correct. The 76th article of the Italian constitution enacts that a “communal militia” be instituted, but the term “National Guard” does not occur in the document. Now, a communal or civic guard is something very different from a national guard. Civic guards have existed from time immemorial. Some French towns had them in the eleventh century, but such a militia never was to its city what an army is to a State. There was no danger of inter-municipal warfare, as there was in Italy. A French civic guard was either a purely ornamental institution, a guard of honor to the town, or it was an armed police whose attri-

butes depended on the degree of public security in the communal district. The state laws, therefore, or royal edicts referring to this institution, could never be but either prohibitory or permissive enactments. Only in 1791, when the Republic seemed likely to be attacked by the foreign Reaction, Lafayette thought it expedient to raise the Civic Guard to the dignity of a state institution, and it was he who, having reorganized the Municipal Guard of Paris, invented the name of National Guard for it. It was a misnomer, the Parisians not being the French nation; but the name was soon made true by the spontaneous adhesions of the other communes. The principal office of these new citizen-soldiers was to secure the great achievements of the Revolution, and to defend the newly-conquered yet ill-defined rights of the people against tyrannical usurpers and reactionary pretenders. But they were also expected to act as a military *reserve*, and even to garrison the fortresses whenever the army was engaged abroad.

As long as the Reaction (represented by Austria, Prussia, and the fugitive French nobles) was the only enemy of France, it was, of course, the common enemy of the army and the National Guard. But against any other enemy, such as a military usurper, they could not well co-operate, and it is easy to see that, when these two forces cannot co-operate, the National Guard need not operate at all, since it can never be a match for a standing army. However excellent as a protecting and (in the best sense) conservative power it may be, it is notoriously worthless as a resisting power, and must remain so as long as the executive, from which alone encroachments upon civic rights may be apprehended, is allowed to wield that worse than two-edged weapon, the standing army. To leave the standing army, with its formidable organization, its overstimulated *esprit de corps*, its hectoring traditions, and its oath of allegiance to the head of the state, and then to institute, as its counterpoise, a so-called National Guard, with a loose organization, having neither traditions nor *esprit de corps*, and being bound by the same oath of allegiance to the same head of the state, was hardly rational, even under the reign of the goddess Reason.

In fact, the National Guard of France has never counterpoised anything nor protected anything; it has retarded no change nor accelerated any; it has resisted no temptation, avenged no wrong, and saved no right or liberty. When some few of its legions were defeated by Napoleon on the 13th Vendémiaire, the whole National Guard of France allowed itself to be placed under military command, and, a few years later, under the Directorate, to be altogether transformed into that wonderful hybrid called *Garde Mobile*. The sheep allowed the wolf to become shepherd, and, strange to say, were proud of him. And thus the original idea which had given rise to the institution having been totally destroyed and lost sight of, the National Guard soon saw its real functions entrusted to an Imperial *gendarmérie*, while some of its own battalions, in token of Imperial gratitude, were incorporated in the Imperial Guard, under the remarkable appellation of "National Guard of the Guard." In 1812 it became a real landwehr, or army of reserve, and when Louis XVIII. ascended the throne it allowed itself to be stripped of its last remnant of autonomy, the right of electing its own subaltern officers. It offered no resistance to the King, and no resistance to the returning Emperor. And when at last, in 1827, at a review held by Charles X., these guardians of national liberties had the courage to raise cries against the ministry and against the Jesuits, they were ignominiously dismissed and disbanded. Louis Philippe reorganized them, and Louis Napoleon ignored them. Somehow, they managed to survive even the *coup d'état*, and the Third Republic would hardly have dared to suppress so popular an institution. If the latter had not, in the eightieth year of its existence, remembered its original vocation, and for the first time made some attempt to become what it never yet had been, and what it should never have ceased to be, an army of the legislature, in contradistinction from and, if needs be, in opposition to the army of the executive. The French Republic, believing in standing armies as the only means of national revenge, could not tolerate that. The National Guard is no more.

The Republic has eaten its own, its dearest offspring. May its reign be equally Saturnian in other respects.

Very different and much shorter is the history of the counterfeit institution in Italy. The Sardinian constitution which sanctions the organization of a "Communal Militia" is dated March 4, 1848, and the law (or royal edict) containing its statutes bears the same date. Another law, modifying these statutes in some essential points, is dated February 27, 1859. These dates show that the National Guard was only thought of and cared for on the eve of some impending national struggle against Austria. Who would blame the Italian rulers for that? But as a matter of fact, it cannot be denied that the institution smuggled in under the captivating name of "Communal Militia," and in the latter law, without rhyme, reason, or explanation, called "National Guard," was intended to form part of the strictly military preparations for the wars of independence in '48 and in '59. The National Guard, far from being a "palladium" of popular rights (which rights, it must be granted, required no armed protection), was, according to Art. I., "to defend the monarchy and the constitution, to enforce obedience to the laws, to maintain public order, and, in case of war, to assist the army in the defence of the country." Even in time of peace it was to have "detached corps for extra-communal service" (Art. III.) And it was further enacted that any meddling with politics, "any deliberation concerning State affairs, or even communal affairs, shall be punishable as an offence against the State" (Art. I.) If this is to be taken literally, the institution can have no political value. It is true, the National Guard can elect its own subaltern (and unpaid) officers, but the major and the staff officers are either nominees of the King or chosen by him from a list of candidates. It is also true that the local commander of the National Guard is the *civic* magistrate, the mayor or syndic of the commune. And this sounds well enough. There is a democratic ring in these words. But it so happens that these mayors or syndics are all royal nominees, so that, practically, the king is commander-in-chief of the National Guard. He can dissolve it (though he is bound to reorganize it within a year—Art. V.), and he alone can, at any time, collect its scattered battalions into one large body, while these cannot meet for purposes of their own. It is easy to see that such a militia can never be what it ought to be—one of the powers securing the political equilibrium of the state—and that it could never carry out the programme implied in its high-flown name or title. To test the truth of this assertion, we have only to ask what services such a National Guard could render against, we will say, a *coup d'état*. If such a danger has never existed and can never exist in Italy, the shield intended to ward it off has become a superfluity. And if the danger exists and for ever must exist in the abstract, then the statutes of the National Guard must be remodelled, and its autonomy must cease to be a sham. In its present form, the National Guard may amuse the people or serve ornamental purposes; but when the charm of novelty has passed away, it soon becomes a nuisance and a burthen. These two stages we have seen quite recently in strange juxtaposition. While the new National Guard of Rome was reviewed no less than twenty times in the course of six months, its Neapolitan sister, whose days of play are past, was all but dying of ennui and inanition. The service, though nominally "personal and obligatory," is in reality neither one nor the other; and its duties are so generally and so successfully shirked, especially by the upper classes, that, if it were not for the musical band, one would not often be reminded of the existence of a National Guard.

It is, of course, desirable that the educational benefits of military drill should be placed within the reach of every Italian. But to do this most effectually, every Italian should be placed within the reach of the drill-sergeant. As long as the duties of the militia can be shirked with such ease and such impunity, while a small sum will purchase immunity from military service in the army, Italy will continue to be badly off for fighting men, and the people will prefer the knife and the dagger to the rifle and the sword. Should it be true (as rumor says) that the minister is preparing a bill abolishing

substitution and rendering military service strictly "personal" and at the same time obligatory, the National Guard, already convicted of being either useless or insufficient as a political power of resistance, would then become superfluous even as a school for military discipline and drill, and lose its last pretext for existence.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 12, 1872.

THE coming session casts its shadow before. Rumors come from all sides of the plans of the coming campaign, and of the mode in which Government proposes to encounter its direct enemies and to pacify its alienated supporters. At present, it may be safely said that nobody knows much about the matter. We can only say that the programme will include a strenuous effort to carry the Ballot Bill, and a proposal of some measure for restricting the sale of spirituous liquors. Meanwhile, opposition orators are beginning to raise their voices in various parts of the country. Prominent amongst them, by virtue of their former position, are Sir J. Pakington and Lord Derby. Of Sir John I shall say nothing. He is a solid country gentleman, of the heavy respectable type, and merely puts the ordinary language of Conservatives into specially pompous phraseology. Lord Derby deserves more notice. His great social position and his reputation for real ability give him a chance to be heard when he speaks as the representative of his party. On the present occasion, he has made a speech marked by his usual strong sense, and by much more than his usual vivacity. As a rule, his oratory produces a chilling influence. All that he says is apt to be very true, and yet somehow to miss the real point of the question. If political problems could be solved, like problems in arithmetic, by a dispassionate addition of the items on both sides of the account, his answers would be exhaustive. But when imaginative vigor and sympathy with the passions of human beings are required, and that is pretty frequently the case, Lord Derby is apt to be inadequate. His recent speech at Liverpool, however, whilst marked by his usual common-sense, showed, as most of the papers remark, a certain buoyancy and animation of tone. For once, he seemed to be throwing himself into the current of party feeling, and anticipating with eagerness an assault upon the Treasury benches. He spoke, so it is said, more like a general on the eve of action, and less like a speculative philosopher estimating the probable course of future events. This impression is probably derived rather from the general tone of his remarks than from any assignable opinion which he uttered. An examination of the substance of his remarks certainly does not lead one to regard the speech as a very stirring trumpet-call to an enthusiastic party. I will venture to follow him through his main points, in order to discover less what the policy of Conservatives is actually likely to be, than what it probably would be if that policy were throughout controlled by the shrewd common-sense which is its best, though seldom its prevailing, element.

Lord Derby declined to attack the Liberal government for the various blunders which they have undoubtedly committed; he contented himself with pointing out that there was no lack of materials for such an attack whenever it might be thought desirable. His speech was chiefly devoted to chalking out the line of policy by which the Conservative party might be enabled to exert great influence, though he neither expected nor desired them to obtain office prematurely, with the necessary consequence of being speedily turned out, as has happened three times in the last twenty years. "Don't let us spoil our own game," he said, "and lose power in running after place." That power would probably not require to be exerted in defending the essential parts of our constitution from any serious attack. The crown, thanks to Sir C. Dilke's blunders and the Prince's illness, is tolerably secure for the present. The House of Lords is almost equally secure, though it might be as well to adapt it a little to the present time, by letting in a certain number of peers appointed for life. The main reason for this innovation, according to Lord Derby, is the rather narrow one that he thinks "pauper peerages" a mistake, and therefore holds that when a man without fortune is ennobled the burdensome honor should not descend to his posterity. Lord Derby is the antipodes of a "pauper peer," and would naturally prefer to see his order consist entirely of very rich men. For the church he has a rather doubtful word of encouragement. "Logically," the English Church should follow the Irish Church; but "legislation"—and Lord Derby seems to think this a very good thing—"is not governed by logic." Otherwise, indeed, what would become of the peers? As it is, he thinks that the church will rub on pretty well, if the contending parties within its limits can keep their hands off one another. That is a pretty large "if"; but Lord Derby characteristically expresses his belief in the power of English common-sense to restrain theological hatreds. He is notoriously rather of the Gallic turn

of mind in these matters. Coming to questions of more immediate interest, Lord Derby takes up the *laissez-faire* principle, to which he has always an inclination. Without pronouncing very positively as to the education question, he thinks that the great thing now required is, that we should allow the existing system a fair chance, and wait till it has worked for some years, to see whether it produces any grievance. His remarks upon the liquor trade are chiefly directed to deprecating what he considers to be the tyrannical proposal of allowing two-thirds of the rate-payers in any district to shut up the public-houses. He would prefer, though he has no great faith in any kind of legislation for the promotion of sobriety, to trust simply to stricter police regulations. He would rather look to a gradual and almost imperceptible social reform. In sanitary questions, again, he confines himself chiefly to the remark that we don't want grand schemes so much as more attention to petty local details. Of the ballot, he declares that there is no question in the whole range of politics of which the importance has been so much exaggerated. If a man is so cautious and prudent as to conceal his vote, he is not likely to be a very dangerous revolutionist, and the Liberals pay themselves a very bad compliment when they assume that all people who take advantage of secret voting—that is, all the cowards and sneaks—will be on their side. In finance, again, all we have to hope is that our Chancellor of the Exchequer may not seek to be too ingenious. We shall be all right if Mr. Lowe will only condescend to give us a commonplace budget. However, we had better be trying to pay off a little more of the national debt, whilst trade is flourishing and pauperism diminishing. And here Lord Derby introduced an able panegyric on the advantages of individual energy as compared with state interference; stating, not for the first time, that all the great achievements of Englishmen were due to individual enterprise, and complaining that there is too great a tendency at present to demand governmental action to get rid of every possible grievance. Then in foreign politics we may hope to maintain a neutral position; and in regard to Ireland, we have now done all that can be fairly demanded from us, and all that remains is to resist firmly the further demands for home-rule and for the handing over of education to the power of the priests. Finally, Lord Derby calls upon his party to hold together as a political connection, to work and wait, and to avoid quarrelling.

Now, without criticising the value of any of these opinions beyond saying that they all deserve a certain amount of respect, I think it will be admitted that they are of a curiously negative character. Almost the one definite proposal is to alter the House of Lords in such a way as to prevent the intrusion of pauper peers. All we have to do for the church and the crown is to stand still. To educational reformers he says again, "wait"; to advocates of sanitary or temperance legislation, "do little, and expect next to nothing"; to believers in the ballot, "your scheme doesn't matter one way or the other"; to financial enthusiasts, "make no changes"; to social reformers, "leave things alone as much as possible"; to foreign politicians, "be strictly neutral"; and to Irishmen in general, "we have set our foot down, and are not going to move a step further in any direction whatever." Finally, the Conservative party is exhorted to stick together and wait in hope. I must say that this does not seem to be a very exciting programme. The party which accepts it as a fair exposition of its principles must content itself with acting like the brakeman whose whole activity consists in keeping down the pace of the train, and is not likely to be promoted to the position of engine-driver. The favor with which the speech has certainly been received was due, as I take it, rather to a certain pithiness of style than to anything very animating in the actual substance of the remarks. And the fact illustrates the real difficulty of the Conservative party. They live upon the blunders of their opponents; but they have scarcely a sufficient *raison d'être* when their most sensible leader can only advise general inaction, whilst their official leader is altogether too brilliant to possess their confidence. Between following a guide who may take you at any moment in the opposite direction from that which you intended to pursue, or a guide who confines himself to advising you in the most philosophical and sensible manner to sit still, the choice is difficult. Of course, the difficulty is more or less inherent in the nature of a Conservative party; but a first-rate leader, such as the late Sir R. Peel, might, one would have thought, have held out some more definite prospect. As it is, Conservatives are generally in good spirits. They prophesy freely that Mr. Gladstone will be upset within a month or six weeks from the opening of the session; and they are content not to look much further. I have a rooted disbelief in all prophecy.

There is one other subject which I must briefly notice. The report which has reached us of the nature of the demands made by the American Government before the Geneva Congress has produced an uncomfortable sensation here. It is said that the damages demanded are altogether preposterous; that it had been universally understood here that no claim was to be made for indirect or vindictive damages; that if the American counsel have made an

excessive demand in the hopes of obtaining some fraction of it, they have taken a course beneath the dignity of their own country, and insulting to ours; and that if the arbitrators should sanction these unjust demands, we should be justified, under the terms of the treaty, in withdrawing from the convention. Much is added as to the disappointment of those who had counted upon a new era of international good-feeling and the substitution of peaceful arbitration for war. I shall not attempt to say anything more upon the matter, further than to express my belief that even the best friends of the United States in this country have certainly been scandalized by the pretensions thus put forward. Whether they are right or not in this sentiment, I commend to your candor for consideration.

MATTER FOR MUSEUMS.

LONDON, Jan. 11, 1872.

I HAVE been to see the works noticed in a Note of the *Nation* of December 14—the Ripaldi Madonna and the Cartoons. The former is an undoubted Raphael, but not such an one as to make it a desirable addition to any collection which aims at instruction, or sufficiently Raphaellesque to justify the demand of £40,000, or even the reduced price of £25,000, for which it is now held. It is hard, conventional, and, in parts, apparently executed by another hand. It is, in fact, two pictures, a semi-circular surmounting an upright, with the composition continuous. In one respect it is unique—the fastidiousness of the nuns required of the painter that he should drape the infant.

The cartoons are a different affair, really the work of the grand school; and though inferior in majesty of composition to some of the well-known Hampton Court cartoons, they are unmistakably Raphaellesque—how much of any of them is due to the hand of the master being, as with the English cartoons, matter of speculation. One of the four, the debarkation of Scipio, resembles in motive the miraculous draught, which many admirers of Raphael regard as the finest of the Hampton Court (now at South Kensington) series, and in the landscape background, the details of ornament, in the character of the heads, and in the lack of maritime common-sense and consistency, it is quite on a level with the other mentioned. Two of Scipio's galleys are nearing the coast, most unserviceable boats even for a Mediterranean voyage, most unreal and theatrical in their conception, and ornate to the last degree; but as examples of ornamentation, nothing in all Raphael's works surpasses them. There is a sculptural frieze, so to speak, along the side of the galley in which Scipio is, representing a river-god from whose urn the waters are pouring into a rushy pool, while nymphs filling their urns give to drink to the satyrs who come down. A second cartoon, with the dinner given to Scipio and Asdrubal by Syphax, or *vice versa*, I do not remember which, is characteristic of the school, but hardly of its master. The third, the defeat of Syphax, is a large battle-piece, completely thought out, and with a motive of composition unique so far as I know amongst Raphael's designs or those of his school. The mass of the composition is contained in the lower division made by a diagonal line which would be drawn from the lower left-hand to the upper right-hand corner, the action being, however, concentrated in a subordinated pyramidal form, with Scipio at its apex in the middle of the picture. The action is intense and dramatic throughout, two or three episodes being admirably conceived. Amidst the struggling and dying men are painted here and there wild flowers, with all the grace and freedom of nature, and tenderness of drawing and coloring which was characteristic of Raphael's best time. The fourth, the battle of Zama, represents the turning-point of the fight, when the Romans drove the elephants back by flaming torches. The elephants occupy the centre in the second distance, and the Romans group round in the elliptical form of the Ananias and Sapphira picture, with two centurions on horseback breaking the ellipse somewhat, in balance with the two principal elephants placed above them in the composition. This, the most ambitiously grouped of the four compositions, seemed to me the least Raphaellesque; but the fact that the drawings, uncontestably by Raphael, for the elephants of the pictures are in the Oxford collection, puts his complicity beyond question.

These cartoons, like those now at Kensington, were made for tapestries is shown by the figures being all reversed—left-handed—and were sent to Brussels to be worked, where they were cut into pieces for more convenient preservation. They were discovered by a connoisseur and passionate amateur of the classical school, M. Desburché, about 1792. By him they were carried to Paris, where they were exhibited in the first collection of old masters in the Galerie d'Apollon in the year 1797, and afterwards in the exhibition formed by Napoleon I. in the year 1805. They form part of a series of twenty-one pictures from the life of Scipio, of which another four are now in the Louvre, and of which as authentic history as most works of art possess gives the execution to Giulio Romano and tradition the design

to Raphael, the tradition being in many points confirmed by internal evidence. They are in a most admirable state of preservation, far superior in this respect to any of Raphael's or contemporary oil pictures, another proof of the better keeping qualities of water-color, they being painted in distemper.

By M. Desburché they were sold to Madame de Chavagnac, who took them to her chateau at Prangins, in Switzerland, where they have since remained in the possession of her family, who now bring them "on the market." And London is, in point of fact, the greatest—surest for the seller and cheapest for the buyer—of all the markets which form, from time to time, at the great centres of trade and luxury, Venice, Amsterdam, Paris, even perhaps, in its time, Madrid. Hither come pictures, antiques, Oriental wares, coins, etc., etc., drawn not only by the numerous collectors for their own fancies, but by the purchases made by the national museums, the British and South Kensington; and, according to that law which makes the productions of market gardens cheaper in New York than in the villages where they grew, porcelain comes cheaper here than in Nanking or Yeddo. Pictures of the old school command lower prices than in provincial capitals, and coins and antiques, with few exceptions, are worth less here than in Rome or Athens. You can scarcely anywhere in the world find rarer Oriental porcelain than at Marks's, and for old books and manuscripts your surest field of search is on the shelves of Ellis or Quaritch. The fact explains itself when one knows that exceptional articles bring fabulous prices, and every possessor considers his article exceptional until a wasting sojourn in London makes him content to dispose of it for what he can get. I saw a head the other day—a mere head without even a neck—in a soft, chalky stone (one of the *trouvailles* of Cyprus), for which a dealer had paid £110, and, selling it for £250 a week later, he made an offer a few days later still of £500 to repurchase it, having an order for it at £700. It was so friable that an air-tight glass case had been made for it, but it had, at the same time, been so securely buried and so early that weather had not corroded it perceptibly, and its beauty was something quite exceptional in Greek art.

Another *morceau* just now "on the market" is the set of table ornaments made for the Emperor Francis I. of Austria by Thomire, the greatest of the French ornamental designers of the day of Napoleon I., and the artist who made the cradle of the King of Rome. It is in the style of Louis XVI., and is something imperial in dimensions and richness. The entire piece which holds the fruit, or flower-basket, is a composition of four figures, representing Music, Painting, the Drama, and Agriculture—why this selection, one does not comprehend—the figures about twenty inches high, in art bronze, and executed with a delicacy and elaboration of detail which I have never seen equalled in modern bronze-work. There are besides several other groups in similar style—the Graces, copies of the Medici vase, Bacchantes, etc.—and the whole arranged on a plateau of plate-glass mirror, twenty feet long. But, like the spoils of other empires, it comes to London to be broken up, and is being sold piecemeal to decorate merchants' tables.

The curiosity and second-hand shops of London alone are a world of research in which almost all known products of human ingenuity appear at one time or another, and where the slow alternations of wealth and misery turn up the treasures of past generations; so that you need not be surprised to find the sword of Napoleon in a pawnbroker's shop, or the buff coat of Cromwell in a Wardour Street window. Into this London, paved with gold and inhabited by princes, how many confident and well-to-do-at-home young aspirants push, to leave their last possessions in pawn and their bones in the dust. Their misery is the collector's thrift. This week there is for sale porcelain from the collection of the Marquis of Hastings; the other day the copy of Hogarth's engravings that once belonged to the Duke of Buckingham was brought me for sale by a young man to whom money was for the moment a *sine quâ non*. The jewels of an empress in exile are now on sale in the shop of a London jeweller, and will probably decorate the fat figure of a new-made lady whose husband was a prosperous shop-keeper, as shiftless as Whittington when he came to London. The marvellous museum of South Kensington is a result of this maelstrom of valuables—a collection which nothing in the world, not even the plundering of Napoleon I., could rival, and which no other nation will probably ever care to equal at its cost. We can never have a great museum, because, firstly, the people who rule don't care to pay for these things; and, secondly, we have no capital. We submit to be plundered of enough to make a gallery like that of Trafalgar Square, but will not tax ourselves to pay for a single first-rate picture or to establish a single art-school.

The picture sales commence this week, and some choice Turners and Sir Joshuas, with numerous Dutch favorites of the London taste, will take another turn in their career. The popular favorites will bring high price—all others will go for less than the painter received.

W. J. STILLMAN.

Correspondence.

MR. PERCE'S SCHOOL BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your strictures on "The National School Bill" are on the Bill 802, which was read twice, and, on the 8th instant, "referred to the Committee on Education and Labor." Bill 1043 is the matured bill as brought in from the Committee by L. W. Perce, now under consideration, and materially changed. It is not open to any of the objections of your article, excepting one, viz., not declaring "that ecclesiastical schools shall not be aided." To assume that they could be aided, even as the bill now stands, would be by a very forced construction. The apportionment to any State cannot be had without "local appropriation." The bill does not and cannot tie up Congress from other appropriation of the lands, and is not intended to hurry their sale. It will have the moral effect to prevent their waste.

GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA., JAN. 27, 1872.

Y. W.

EQUITABLE TAXATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sympathizing with your endeavors to take the wrongs of the workman out of rhetorical guardianship, I ask attention to an unjust burden which legislation has laid upon his labor. The subject is suggested at the present time by petitions presented to our General Court to remove a tax upon bank stock held by charitable institutions—the tax having been imposed (*accidentally*, as some of the petitioners claim) by an act of the last Legislature.

Believing that a just view of the principle upon which taxes should be laid is more important than the increase of any charitable fund, I am constrained to oppose the wishes of these well-intentioned gentlemen. Whether owing to accident or design, the repeal of the exemption from taxation of bank stock held for alleged charitable purposes seems to me one of the most promising acts of our recent legislation. It began a movement in the right direction—a movement that ought not to end until people's eyes are open to the fact that exemption from taxation of any property held by alleged charitable institutions is a burden upon the labor and savings of the community which it is impossible to justify.

Before offering some concrete examples of the injustice worked by exemptions to which we are at present subjected, I may be permitted a passing remark upon the economical effects of the non-taxation of bank stock held by charitable corporations. Its mischief may be summed up in three words: *it deranges values*. And the evil wrought, while it appears in many forms that we can see, must necessarily exist in many more that are too subtle to be detected. A knowledge of the precise worth of bank stock, as of all other commodities, is of vital interest to the community, and Government has no right to throw obstacles in its way. But the exemption in question casts a doubt upon all figures. For who can tell whether the current quotation of stock signifies its value to a taxed citizen or to an untaxed institution? The widow and orphan have surely a right to invest their savings in the stock of their town bank (whose directors are known to them) at its natural market price. Yet, until last year, this right was only recognized in case parties representing an untaxed institution were not disposed to compete. I have been informed of an instance where the entire stock of a national bank was unjustly taxed—the assessors making their valuation accord with a market quotation which did not represent the value of the shares to any tax-paying citizen, but only to a favored institution. But even if our legislators are persuaded to return to this exemption, it will prove but a temporary check upon a good work that must sooner or later be continued. For it is monstrous that irresponsible corporations should be allowed to assess labor year after year because they are running establishments which somebody once chose to call charitable. Whoever has awakened to the extreme facility with which endowed charities, passing beyond the control of the people, may be perverted to mischief, will be chary of granting them extraordinary privileges. It is surely favor enough if we allow the average donor, with his average want of foresight, to glorify himself in an institution subject to taxation, like the real or personal property with which he endows it. But what sense is there in permitting him to lay an annual tax upon his neighbors for any grotesque scheme of charity which may be accepted by the hasty majority vote of a popular meeting?

Two instances of the injustice worked by such legislation may be found within the limits of the town of eight thousand inhabitants from which I write. By looking through the State for illustrations, one would be pretty sure to come upon more striking ones. A physician left certain estates for

the education of a portion of the girls of Quincy, who were to be capriciously selected by an accident of birth. The bequest was accompanied with peculiar conditions—so peculiar, in fact, as to render the proposed institution of no advantage to our community in the eyes of many intelligent citizens. A town-meeting was called at an hour at which voters engaged in industrial occupations could not easily attend. Yet even at that meeting a powerful minority opposed the acceptance of the school. Although I was not convinced by their arguments, it is just to say that gentlemen whose judgment in educational matters would be considered better than mine contended that a school established upon the prescribed conditions would prove a misfortune to the community. The bequest, however, was accepted; and as soon as the building occupies a fine piece of land on our principal street, the snap-judgment of a single town-meeting will be permitted to assess those remonstrating citizens year after year for the rest of their lives, and this in aid of a "charity" which they protest will on the whole work evil.

The other instance is more striking in the amount of the contribution it exacts. During the war, some benevolent persons raised a fund for the relief of our national sailors. Trustees were appointed to take charge of it, and some seventy acres of land were purchased in this town. About thirty-five acres of this territory are high upland, on the sea, and two miles from the Boston line. There is no land in the neighborhood so certain to be covered with the summer residences of business men were it in the hands of private parties who could be subjected to the market coercions of taxes and competition. If we estimate the taxable value of that property to the generation at present living in Quincy, the result is startling. And yet this town is selected from all other cities and towns in the United States to make a forced contribution, princely in amount, to what is emphatically declared to be a *National Sailors' Home*! All economists agree in condemning taxes which throw obstacles in the way of the sale of land or other instruments of production. But how could legislation more thoroughly effect this mischief? It is right to say that the sums we are forced to contribute to the institution in question are bestowed upon a deserving charity which, at present, happens to be in the hands of an excellent board of managers. To a community unable to find consolation in such reflections the case would be much harder.

A certain class of persons, who reason from sentiment, may believe that worthy institutions will languish if Government withdraw its clumsy patronage. But history shows how little cause there is for such fears. Unjust legislative interference, in the long run, can never benefit the interests it pretends to foster. Churches are stronger and purer than when the state paid the minister, and works of beneficence will not be wanting because people are not juggled into supporting institutions in which they do not believe, and this at a rate often far exceeding their natural cost. Of course, some hardship must be experienced in acknowledging a just principle which has long been violated. Many institutions are worth far more to a community than the tax remitted to them. But there is little danger that their just claims would fail of allowance. There is always the straightforward method of appealing to legislators for special grants of money in favor of such charities as can prove their utility to the whole people, and it is no evil that those whose service cannot be measured by popular standards should depend upon the efforts and contributions of men enlightened enough to know their value. In the morbid humanitarianism of these latter days, our average legislator easily gets maudlin over the command "to love mercy," to which the prophet gives the second place in his terse summary of human duties. But small good comes of it when he skips the requirement "to do justly," which in all properly printed Bibles takes precedence of that obligation.

QUINCY, MASS., JAN. 26, 1872.

J. P. QUINCY.

Notes.

MESSRS. APPLETON & CO., who have borne such a prominent part in the discussion of the copyright question, are about to undertake a practical solution of it which appears to leave nothing to be desired. With the aid of Professor Youmans, who went expressly for them to Europe, they have formed what we may call, after the fashion of the day, a "syndicate" for the publication of an international series of scientific hand-books. The other members are H. S. King & Co., of London; Baillière, of Paris; and Brockhaus, of Leipzig; "and the authors will receive a 'royalty,' or percentage, in accordance with the American plan, from the publisher of each country." These authors, we must now say, are the leading and authoritative scientific savans of the present time (our own country excepted), and embrace Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Professors Tyndall, Huxley, Jevons, Bernard, Virchow, Quatrefages, Sainte-Claire Deville, Sir John Lubbock, Walter Bage-

hot, Herbert Spencer, J. N. Lockyer, and a great number of others. We doubt if any better evidence could be given of American sincerity in the matter of copyright, or American ingenuity in overcoming the difficulties which naturally (and only) present themselves in the case of two nations speaking the same language.—Mr. F. Leypoldt's *Trade Circular*, the official organ of the Publishers' Board of Trade, will hereafter be published weekly, no doubt to the great advantage of the trade.

—In our review, last week, of Palmer's "Desert of the Exodus," an awkward transposition occurred not easy to be corrected by the reader. The close of paragraph second belongs near the close of paragraph third on page 61, which would then read:

"But there is no allusion to Robinson in this part of Palmer's volume, and the conclusion of the survey is given as if it were a new and important contribution to the local topography. Indeed, we think there is one expression which, in view of Robinson's authority among German and American scholars as well as among the English, is hardly correct, an assertion that the southeast summit is generally regarded as Mount Sinai.

"Towards the close," etc.

The words "nature of the country" should be struck out.

—*Young Israel*, a monthly publication for Jewish boys and girls, edited by Messrs. L. Schnabel and M. Brecher, of this city—the first appearance of which we noticed last year—has finished its first twelvemonth, and opened its second volume with the new January number. We have no doubt the editors have given satisfaction to their youthful readers, whom they have done their best to amuse and to instruct, presenting them with a variety of sketches drawn from the domains of nature, history, and fiction, without troubling them with much religious instruction. The historical pieces contained in the first volume of the magazine are, it is true, all, or almost all, of Jewish interest, but they are free from that denominational varnish which renders so many similar productions quite unpalatable to all but those for whom they are expressly written. The spirit which pervades *Young Israel* is unmistakably one of enlightenment and philanthropy, and Christian pens seem to have an almost equal share in its pages with those of Jews. Mr. Horatio Alger, Jr., the author of the yearly serial, is undoubtedly the favorite of its readers; most of the poetry is from the hand of the junior editor. Some of the articles soar a little too high for the sphere of the journal, and form, perhaps, too striking a contrast with others apparently intended for readers of a very tender age.

—We might have spoken more particularly than we did, last week, in our remarks on the new magazine, the *City*, of the kinds of processes employed in making the illustrations, which are of various degrees of excellence. The two portraits furnished by Senator Sumner were particularly worth mentioning, because they are proofs of what may be done by the Albert-type process in other hands than its inventor's. Mr. Bierstadt, the artist, who has been for some years experimenting with the process (which, in two words, may be described as a modified form of lithography), seems at last to have attained a fair success in working it, though, we should judge, not absolute certainty. We hope the conductors of the *City* will, next time, permit us to see what he can do with views from nature—a much higher test than copying line engravings. A similar process to the Albert-type is now in operation at the studio of Mr. Rockwood, the photographer, of this city, and gives good promise. Two specimens of it may be seen in that luxurious publication of Judge Hilton's—"First Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners of the Department of Public Parks"—facing pages 153 and 163. They have the accuracy of the photograph with the general appearance of a lithograph, but are without brilliancy or artistic *chiaroscuro*, and probably do not represent Mr. Rockwood's ideal. In regard to rapidity of reproduction, we believe he is in advance of Mr. Bierstadt and his method.

—The candid mind trying to hold the scales even between Darwinists and their opponents, ought to take pleasure in two articles published impartially in the January number of the *American Naturalist*, whose conductors, we may state, belong to the latter class. One, on "The Blind Fishes of Mammoth Cave," is by Mr. F. W. Putnam, and compares the only two known species, *Amblyopsis* and *Typhlichthys*, with a species, *Chologaster*, of the same family, which is sometimes found in open ditches and sometimes in subterranean waters in different parts of the country, but which has eyes. There is also a mud-fish, not blind, which occurs in the Mammoth Cave beside the blind fish. Mr. Putnam asks why this fish and the *Chologaster* can see, where eyesight is of no use, if the *Amblyopsis* and *Typhlichthys* lost their eyesight in consequence of their sunless habitat. The natural answer—Give them time enough and they will doubtless become blind—is met by Mr. Putnam, but we cannot easily condense his argument. Prof. N. S. Shaler, on the other hand, who writes on "The Rattlesnake and Natural Selection," begins with the remark that for some years he had been teaching

that this reptile's tail "was not to be explained on the doctrine of natural selection, inasmuch as it could contribute in no way to the advantage of the animal," but by warning its prey of its presence was clearly calculated to hinder the creature in the struggle for existence. He shows how his opinion was completely reversed last summer on hearing the rattle of a snake lying in the road on which he was riding. He mistook the sound for that of the "locust" (cicada), and would have driven over the snake had it not been discovered and pointed out to him by a companion. He has since ascertained that "the note of the rattlesnake is recognized by many persons as indistinguishable from the sound made by the cicada," and he concludes that birds, who are well known to be dull in discriminating among sounds that even imperfectly resemble each other, are pretty certain to be deceived as he was, and, rushing to pick up a fat cicada, are caught by a "worm" on which they had not counted. He suggests, also, that what is called the fascination of birds by serpents may be only the response to a food-promising call. How snakes with rattles might, on the Darwinian hypothesis, have grown out of those without them, Prof. Shaler endeavors to show, with much ingenuity.

—In his "Life of Dickens," Mr. John Forster pays his respects to another American man of letters in much the same fashion in which he deals with Mr. N. P. Willis in the "Life of Landor." Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, a well-known bookmaker of Philadelphia, is the victim this time. In the paper called the *Round Table* the Doctor some years since made a statement, which was afterwards repeated in a "Life of Dickens" put together by him, and which Mr. Forster asserts can only be properly characterized "by one unpolite word (in three letters)." The statement was to this effect: Being in London in 1847, Dr. Mackenzie made the intimate acquaintance of George Cruikshank, and one day calling at that gentleman's house found him busily at work on an etching and not able at the moment to converse. Dr. Mackenzie therefore amused himself with a portfolio, and in doing so came upon—

"A series of some twenty-five or thirty drawings, very carefully finished, through most of which were carried the well-known portraits of Fagin, Bill Sikes and his dog, Nancy, the Artful Dodger, and Master Charles Bates—all well known to the readers of 'Oliver Twist.' There was no mistake about it, and when Cruikshank turned round, his work finished, I said as much. He told me that it had long been in his mind to show the life of a London thief by a series of drawings engraved by himself, in which, without a single line of letterpress, the story would be strikingly and clearly told. Dickens, he continued, dropped in here one day, just as you have done, and, while waiting until I could speak with him, took up that identical portfolio and ferreted out that bundle of drawings. . . . He told me that he was tempted to change the whole plot of his story—not to carry Oliver Twist through adventures in the country, but to take him up into the thieves' dens in London, show what their life was, and bring Oliver through it without sin or shame."

So far Dr. Mackenzie, whom we need not quote at greater length, since later we shall give Mr. Cruikshank's own account of the relation of himself and of Dickens to the novel as we have it. Mr. Forster, besides remarking on this narrative in the manner we have seen, goes into some details, and shows that the last instalment of "Oliver Twist" had three plates prepared for it—one the picture of Sikes attempting to drown his dog, one of Fagin in the condemned cell, and one of Rose Maylie and Oliver, and that Dickens was so ill pleased with this last that he wrote at once to Mr. Cruikshank in these words:

"With reference to the last one, without entering into the question of great haste or any other cause which may have led to its being what it is, I am quite sure there can be little difference of opinion between us with respect to the result. May I ask whether you will object to designing this plate afresh, and doing so *at once*, in order that as few impressions as possible of the present one may go forth?"

Now, says Mr. Forster, "this letter entirely disposes of a wonderful story originally promulgated in America with a minute conscientiousness and particularity of detail that might have raised the reputation of Sir Benjamin Backbite himself." The argument apparently is that, as Dickens wrote a letter to Cruikshank in terms which imply that the Rose Maylie plate was done in haste after the letterpress was all ready, therefore all the plates had been made in the same way—equally in subordination, that is, to the manuscript furnished by Dickens. That would, at any rate, appear to be Mr. Forster's principal argument. Of course, in the tone of the letter and in the fact that a second plate was called for on account of the first one's being unsatisfactory, there is an implication that it was addressed not to an equal coadjutor in the novel, but to an artist occupying the usual position of the illustrator of a book.

—Mr. Forster's argument fails, however, and proves nothing at all against a full version of all the facts which Mr. Cruikshank has sent to the *Times* since Mr. Forster's book came out. Mr. Forster, by-the-by, had said that Mr. Cruikshank was "calumniated" by being made the authority for a fable which he might properly have disregarded, indeed, had it been confined to America, but the circulation of which in London made it amount to a ca-

lummy upon a distinguished artist. This brings Mr. Cruikshank out to show that the "invention" "fathered upon him" is not an invention at all, and that Dr. Mackenzie is more nearly right about the matter than Mr. Forster supposes. This letter of the veteran gives several indications that his natural force is not yet abated, and is in every way worth having, but we must summarize it. And first for the argument which we have found in Mr. Forster's book. Dickens did write to Cruikshank asking that a new plate be made for the last part of the story, and his request was complied with. The first plate had been done in great haste, Mr. Bentley "allowing no proper time for it," and, says Mr. Cruikshank, it was "a subject without any interest; in fact, there was not anything in the latter part of the manuscript that would suggest an illustration, but to oblige Mr. Dickens I did my best to produce another etching, working hard day and night; but when done, what was it? Why, merely a lady and a boy standing inside of a church looking at a stone wall." Readers of "Oliver Twist," if they are late readers of it, will recollect the more feebly sentimental and more feebly melodramatic portion of it—the extremely dreary—what shall we call it? Stuff is what it might be called if one were speaking of a writer less deservedly distinguished than Mr. Dickens. And perhaps in consideration of the other writers without Dickens's genius who imitate him in his worse moments, and in consideration of the good writers whom the example of his success may have made distrustful of better models and of themselves, it may be as well for this once to call it by its right name. Readers who do recollect that part of the novel in which the truculent Mr. Monks makes his highly probable confessions and in which Miss Rose and young Mr. Maylie figure, will agree with Mr. Cruikshank that it could not have been very inspiring to an artist. We may remark here that we conjecture the Rose-Maylie portion of the novel to be an expression of that extravagant liking for Miss Hogarth of which Mr. Forster tells us—an extravagance of liking which a very good critic has spoken of as in part really and truly felt by Dickens, and in part perhaps only supposed by him to have been felt. This by the way, however. Mr. Cruikshank goes on to say that for a reason which he will some day let the world know, he wished to bring before the public the life of the London thieves, and to that end had planned a series of engravings which should of themselves without verbal explanation show the career of a good boy, "Frank Foundling or Frank Steadfast," rising by merit through adverse circumstances to honor and prosperity. When, after the success of "Pickwick," Mr. Bentley asked Dickens to write a serial story for *Bentley's Miscellany*, Dickens, consenting, seems to have decided on telling the fortunes of a parish boy, but what the details of his plan were does not appear, though the figure of Mr. Bumble may help us to guess. Mr. Cruikshank, who was working a good deal for Mr. Bentley in those days, was to be the illustrator, and immediately on being consulted he begged Dickens to take the boy through Fagin's school of thieves, which Dickens agreed to do. Cruikshank had already made two pictures for the story when he urged upon Dickens what he had before suggested, that Oliver should be made into "a nice pretty little boy" in whom "the public, particularly the ladies," could take such an interest that their wrath would be aroused against the barbarities practised upon English paupers by workhouse officials—barbarities just at that moment exemplified in the cases of some orphan children who had been "farmed out" by St. James's Parish, London, and what with cruelty and starvation miserably put to death.

—To this also Dickens agreed. He at first had had another idea of Oliver; he had designed making his hero "rather a queer kind of a chap," and so it was that the queer name was given him, Dickens having been amused by hearing an omnibus conductor talking about a certain Oliver Twist. The name of the boy could not be changed, or at least the novel, which had already begun to appear, had to retain its title; afterwards Oliver's parentage turns out respectable, the reader will recollect, and he loses his surname of Twist. But the boy's character and appearance could be changed, the story having at the time of Mr. Cruikshank's suggestion gone no farther than to the second instalment, and the "nice pretty boy" was decided on instead of the "rather queer kind of a chap." It will be observed, Mr. Cruikshank says, that the Oliver of all the pictures after the first two differs from the famous "Oliver asking for more," in making which latter the artist deferred to the author, being well content to yield other points now that Sikes, Fagin, The Artful Dodger, Charley Bates, and Nancy were to be exhibited to the public in their villany and wretchedness, accompanied with a story by an exceedingly popular author and sure of an audience. "I must here mention," says Mr. Cruikshank, "that nearly all the designs were made from conversation and mutual suggestion, and that I never saw any manuscript of Mr. Dickens's until the work was nearly finished." He concludes the statement of his case by saying that he thinks it will be allowed, without his going farther into particulars, that he is "the originator of Oliver Twist," and that all the principal characters are his. We think it will be allowed that this is in very great part so; to originate the general course of a novel's story and to in-

vent the principal characters is certainly to do a vast deal towards making the whole of it, and it would seem that the philanthropic turn of the novel, so far at least as it attacks workhouses, is due to Mr. Cruikshank. This is worth noting, as "Oliver Twist" may be set down as the first of its author's philanthropic novels; the picture of the debtor's prison in "Pickwick" evidently being drawn more for fun and because he had seen the Marshalsea, and because his favorite Fielding had done the same thing before, than from any distinct purpose of ameliorating the condition of poor debtors. That the philanthropic part of "Oliver Twist," which consists of the plea, so to call it, for the women of the town, was Mr. Cruikshank's is not stated. The invention of the principal characters and the direction of the general course of the novel must, we should say, be conceded to Mr. Cruikshank. Of course it is to be recollected that poor as is much of what Dickens added of his own to Mr. Cruikshank's conception of the den in Field Lane, the Jew receiver, the brutal burglar, Nancy, the abandoned victim of the cruelty and cupidity of her vile companions, nevertheless the novelist added much that was good; and to have "originated Oliver Twist" is not to have written the novel as the world knows it. As for Mr. Dickens's share in the matter, it seems strange that his biographer and intimate friend should never have had the facts in the case from him. We say "facts," assuming, what we think ourselves justified in assuming, that Mr. Cruikshank's statements are to be taken as accurate. It is, nevertheless, an assumption on our part.

—Now that the first year of that new German politico-literary weekly, *Im neuen Reich*, is completed, we find that we have not done full justice to its merits in the notice devoted to its earlier parts. What makes us inclined to speak now more highly of it is not only the gradually developed greater variety of its contents, but chiefly the excellence of some of its later articles. Few periodicals in any language can boast of contributions like "Das neueste philosophische System" ("The Latest System of Philosophy," No. 35), in which Dr. Karl Freiherr du Prell reviews the second edition of Eduard von Hartmann's "Philosophie des Unbewussten" (Philosophy of the Unconscious—not of the unknown)—whether we consider the reviewer's powers of analysis and diction or the importance and gravity of his subject. The literary portions will, in general, be found the most interesting—not only by readers in this country, we presume, but also by more interested observers of the political affairs of "the new empire." Those contributed by the editor, Alfred Dove, himself are particularly well done and attractive. Mr. L. W. Schmidt is the American agent.

FISHER AMES.*

NOT long since we discoursed to our readers of Thomas Jefferson, and expressed such views of his character and services to his country as we had formed on contemplating them in the light of history, after the passions and interests of his contemporaries, which had either magnified or dwarfed them, had been at rest for more than half a century. We spoke of the circumstances of his career and character which gave him a permanent place in the memory of posterity which the limitations of the human understanding and the nature of things had denied to many of his contemporaries, famous and useful in their day and generation, on whom the long night of forgetfulness has settled down. One of the most admirable of the public men of the days of Washington, whose name, we fear, the lapse of time has nearly worn out of the mind of the busy generation now on the stage, but who well deserves a place there, was Fisher Ames, whose Congressional Speeches have just been placed before the public in a compact and elegant shape by his grandson, Mr. Pelham W. Ames. During his public life, which may be said to have lasted from his election to the First Congress in 1789 to his death in 1808, his name was perhaps quite as familiar to men's minds and on their lips as that of Jefferson himself. Though retired from the scene of national affairs for twelve years, his voice was still potential in the councils of his party, who admired and revered him as they did none other of their leaders, with the single exception of Hamilton; and even his political adversaries could not refuse their tribute of respect to his genius and his eloquence, the integrity of his public and the purity of his private life.

If the name of Ames has suggested that of Jefferson when looking back to the times when they were both prominent public men, it certainly has been through the association of contrast rather than of resemblance. Never were two men more unlike in the main features of their characters, the nature of their talents, and the experiences of their lives. The natural life of Ames was included within that of Jefferson, which overlapped it at both ends. Jefferson was born almost exactly fifteen years before Ames, and he survived him exactly eighteen, Ames having also died on the Fourth of July.

* "Speeches of Fisher Ames in Congress, 1789-96. Edited by Pelham W. Ames." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1871.

The public service of Jefferson, reckoning from his entering the Continental Congress in 1775 to his leaving the Presidency in 1800, covered fully thirty-four years. It took him to the immortal Congress of the Declaration of Independence, carried him over seas to Europe, and placed him at the Court of France during its last most interesting and most melancholy days; it recalled him to take part in the national organization of the United States as the chief of the Administration of Washington; it seated him in the chair of the Senate as the second Vice-President, and crowned his career with the headship of the nation for two terms. The national public service of Mr. Ames was limited to a seat in the first four Congresses. There was nothing to excite the imagination about his modest course through life, whether before he went to New York and Philadelphia, while in Congress, or after his return to the simple duties and pleasures of professional and private life at Dedham. It was the brilliancy of his parliamentary eloquence, the winning charm of his conversation, where serious thought and deep feeling were lighted up by the play of fancy and the flash of wit, the sweetness and sincerity of his nature, and, above all, the belief in his political wisdom and the knowledge of his absolute integrity in public as well as private affairs, that gained for him the admiration and influence while he lived and the love and reverence after his death which his contemporaries never ceased to cherish, and which they bequeathed to at least one generation of their descendants.

Jefferson and Ames were fair enough representatives of the two opposite qualities of mind which the mighty change in political relations that took place in their time, and of which they were a part, developed and displayed. Jefferson's sanguine temperament looked only forward, and regarded the future only with hope and faith. He accepted the new ideas, and doubted not that they would lead his country on to prosperity and glory. Ames accepted the ideas also, but it was with fear and trembling. He looked backward to see what had been the experience of mankind, and read the present and foreboded the future by the lights of the past. He believed in the fallacious maxim, which we still sometimes hear sapiently uttered, that history repeats herself—a thing which she has never done, because the facts which she has to tell are never identical with those she has told. The American statesman eighty years since found himself face to face with a state of things which had no example in history. The experiment of a government resting on the will of the people as its basis, and of which the voice of the people, duly ascertained, furnished the omnipotence which, in some shape, underlies every government, looked very differently to different observers. It was very much a matter of temperaments. The sanguine saw only public virtue, disinterested patriotism, growing greatness, and ever-increasing prosperity as the natural result of the new state of things. The more saturnine natures remembered the bloody factions of the older republics, and dreaded lest anarchy and popular violence might lead finally to military despotism. The intellectual movement which had given rise to the French Revolution seemed to the one the prophecy of a higher and purer polity than the world had yet seen. The bloody excesses which had attended that tremendous event seemed, to the other, the necessary consequence of such an unloosing of the people, and they feared that something of the same nature might follow their own experiment of popular sovereignty. Jefferson and the Democrats were the party of hope; Ames and the Federalists that of doubt and apprehension. At this distance of time we may admit that the mass of both parties were honest and patriotic, and that the Democrats were as little desirous of making the United States a department of Bonaparte's empire as the Federalists of restoring them to the allegiance of the British crown or of setting up a Brummagem monarchy of their own.

Fisher Ames was descended, on both sides, of a good New England stock, the son and grandson of excellent country doctors, as excellence was accounted in those days before medical schools, and was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, April 9, 1758. His father died when Mr. Ames was but six years old, but his loss was made good by the energy and good sense of his widow, who lived to enjoy the fame of her eminent son, and survived him for several years. His education was rather rambling and desultory, as the best of educations then generally were, but of a kind which fed and nourished his mind well. He entered Harvard College at twelve and graduated at sixteen, where he acquired a sufficient acquaintance with Latin to have a thorough enjoyment of the classics all his life, and he had a reasonable opportunity to indulge an indiscriminate appetite for books, which perhaps built up his intellectual constitution quite as wholesomely as a more carefully selected diet could have done. He kept school for a while after graduation, and afterwards studied law and practised it with good success. His writings in the newspapers of the day on political subjects attracted the attention of the principal friends of the new Constitution, and introduced him to their acquaintance and friendship. And, accordingly, when the first representative from the Boston District, which then included what is now the

County of Norfolk, came to be selected, their choice fell upon Mr. Ames. His Congressional life was exactly contemporaneous with Washington's two terms, and his influence had great and just weight in settling the perplexing questions which vexed the infancy and threatened the life of the young Republic. There were no more important eight years in the whole succession of Congresses or more vital to the solid establishment of the nation. Every particular of the efficient working of the Government, the raising of revenue, the organization of the courts, the funding of the debts, the adjustment of the outstanding quarrels with England, and the avoidance of new ones with France, everything connected with the machinery, the credit, the safety, and the permanence of the nation, necessarily had to be done by those early Congresses.

It is happy for us all who have entered into their labors that there were such men as Ames in Congress in those days when passions never more furious, and factions never more malignant, raged within and without and threatened the infant nation with destruction in its cradle. In those debates on matters which touched the very essence and existence of our national polity, Mr. Ames took an active and prevailing part. The question of the tariff of duties which was to provide the ways and means of carrying on the government was one of the first to be encountered. The constitutional right of the President to remove from office at his pleasure also was questioned in the earlier as in the latter days of our history, and the meaning of the Constitution accepted in the sense which custom and the courts have since given to it, Mr. Ames naturally helping to settle it thus. On the subject of salaries he held views which we are quite sure he would have changed had he lived to this day, considering \$1,500 a liberal remuneration for a judge of the Supreme Court. On the vital question of sustaining the credit of the new nation by the simple process of paying its debts, and through the assumption by the nation of the debts of the several States, contracted mainly during and because of the war, it need hardly be said that his voice was raised in the most emphatic and eloquent tones. And it was doubtless in no small degree due to him that the earlier attempts to combine Statesmanship with Swindling, of which we have had such illustrious examples in our own day, came to the untimely end which they merited. He did not favor the tax proposed to be laid on imported slaves, on the ground that it might seem to countenance the practice of slavery, which "he detested from his soul." He promoted Hamilton's scheme of a national bank, and helped to carry it through the House; and he combated with all his artillery of eloquence, argument, and ridicule Madison's famous Resolutions, which were the introduction to the system of fighting England by commercial restrictions which was carried out to so disastrous an extent in the reign of Jefferson. But the greatest triumph of Mr. Ames as a parliamentary orator was the last of all—his speech on the 23th of April, 1796, in favor of passing the laws necessary for the performance of Jay's Treaty, which had been duly ratified by the President and Senate. Probably no speech ever delivered in Congress surpassed it in any of the elements of eloquence, or had a greater effect on its immediate audience. Scarcely able to stand from bodily weakness when he began, he kindled as he went on

"To such a flame of sacred vehemence,"

that his audience, though not used to the melting mood, were in tears of excitement when he ceased, and the enemies of the Treaty would not suffer the vote to be taken in the state of mind in which the speech left the House.

The speeches of Mr. Ames have been not unaptly compared to those of Burke, and the *London Quarterly*, in an article quoted in the preface of this volume, allows that "there are passages in his speeches which might go far towards accounting for, if they do not quite justify," the comparison. If Ames does not quite rival the sublimest flights of Burke, he never is carried by the pursuit of an apt but offensive metaphor to a point that is scarcely short of the disgusting. His perfect taste is never at fault. In felicity of illustration, in playfulness of fancy, in readiness of wit, in neatness of railery, in delicacy of irony, and in keenness of sarcasm, he is not unworthy to be placed in the company of the great Irishman. Mr. Ames left public life at the close of the Fourth Congress and returned to Dedham, where he spent the remainder of his days practising his profession as much as his slender and uncertain health would allow, and amusing himself with his books, his correspondence, his farm, and his orchards. He died in his native town on the 4th of July, 1803, at the age of fifty. And his name is not without honor there. The house which he built and in which he lived and died is still pointed out to strangers, and his portrait, along with those of Washington and Lincoln, hangs in the hall which the town has built in memory of her sons who died in the war of the Rebellion.

It need not be said that the interest of Mr. Ames in public affairs during the fierce excitements which agitated the years of his retirement was intense

to the last. It gave occasion to essays on a variety of topics in the newspapers which deserve a longer life than is usually accorded to such ephemeral productions. They are marked by all the distinguishing qualities of his speeches, and are admirable specimens of pure and idiomatic English. In the edition of his Life and Works, published by his son, Mr. Justice Ames, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in 1854, many of these are collected and put in a permanent form for preservation. These volumes also contain his private correspondence, from which one can form some idea of the liveliness and brilliancy of his conversation, which gave a delight to his friends that remained fresh to the end of the longest lives. It has every quality which goes to the making of good letters, and gives a charming picture of the man and of the times. Acknowledging our obligations to Mr. Pelham Ames for rescuing four of his great ancestor's speeches from the oblivion of newspapers and Congressional journals, we would call the attention of our readers to the larger and more important publication of his father. While we will not place his volumes under the humorous condemnation of Charles Lamb, of being "books which no gentleman's library should be without," we are bold to say that they are books which no public library, large or small, should be without; and we venture to advise any of our readers having authority over such institutions not to neglect ordering a set from Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. They can place no more useful and entertaining matter before their clients.

THE MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

OUR copy of the February *Galaxy* does not say so, but there need be no doubt that Mr. Thurlow Weed is the writer of its article on President Tyler's Administration. We suppose that we may commend it to attention as being not only a highly readable chapter of political history and biography, but also as being fully as trustworthy as partisan political history written by a political partisan can fairly be expected to be, and more trustworthy than such history usually is. The reader gets the impression that Mr. Weed's feelings are not habitually allowed to run away with his judgment, and is disposed, as he reads, to a favorable opinion of the writer's candor. At all events, Mr. Weed writes in the midst of political friends and acquaintances who may be depended on for necessary criticism of his truthfulness. It will, for instance, be comparatively safe to accept what is left of his account of Henry Clay after it has undergone the examination of the *Tribune*. That this same account will be pleasing to the Whig veterans of 1840 and 1844 is problematical, Mr. Clay appearing in it in a light which will be new to the generation of readers who have been accustomed to think of "the Mill Boy of the Slashes" as "the chivalric and courteous Harry Clay." Suave as he could be, and even courteous and courteous to courtliness in his manner, his courtesy as described by Mr. Weed will not be pronounced of the most chivalric kind. Here is a story of his behavior to his friend and admirer, Mr. Tyler: When by the sudden death of General Harrison Mr. Tyler became President, he had to bear in Harrison's place the brunt of the hot resentment which Clay had two reasons for nourishing—one, that he himself had not been elected to the Presidency, and the other, that he had not been chosen as the President's influential counsellor in the matter of making up the Cabinet. Of course this resentment was nowise diminished when it began to appear that he, together with the rest of the Whigs, was to have in Mr. Tyler a Whig President more likely to use the Executive influence for his own benefit than for that of the party. But Mr. Tyler had been one of Mr. Clay's warmest supporters and admirers, had urged his claim to the nomination for the Presidency, and had shed tears when his favorite was defeated in the convention. At the first session after the death of Harrison, Mr. Clay offered a National Bank Bill which he had prepared, and on the passage of which he and the party which so long had been under the rod and yoke of Jackson were counting securely. But soon it began to be rumored that Mr. Tyler had constitutional objections to a certain section, and would be unable to give the bill his signature. A veto would be extremely likely to distract the party—and Mr. Tyler, it seems, was, at that time at least, unwilling to cause a rupture; and thinking himself and Clay to be on such terms of friendship as would justify a personal appeal by the one to the other, he invited Clay to call upon him, gave him a cordial greeting, and said to him: "Clay, I have asked a conference with you to have a full and frank talk, not as between the Senator from Kentucky and the acting Chief Magistrate of the country, but as between Henry Clay and John Tyler, two men who are supposed to act upon patriotic motives, who have been friends and ought still to be so. You know my antecedents on the Bank question. You know the principles and sentiments of my friends and party associates in Virginia, what I have said in my public speeches, what would be consistent and self-respectful in this exigency. I am as anxious as you can be for the unity and success of the Whig party. Now, sir, draw a Bank Bill that you give me

your honor you would advise your son to sign under the same circumstances, and I give you my honor I will sign that bill." To this Mr. Clay replied by drawing himself up to his full height and saying: "Take your own course, sir, and I will take mine"; after which the bill was passed, was in due course vetoed, and the rupture occurred which three years later threw the Whigs out of office, and meanwhile caused Mr. Tyler to be the public man of this country and century at once best abused and least defended. Not Andrew Jackson, nor Andrew Johnson, nor Jefferson Davis, nor the Impeachment Traitors themselves, can dispute his pre-eminence in the double distinction. Yet, in Mr. Weed's description, he appears no such figure for this pillory as the ingenuous disciple of the Whig and Democratic newspaper editor might imagine. It is to Mr. Weed's article, however, that we must refer the reader for enlightenment on this topic. Another glimpse of Clay we get in his management of the Whig caucus at which Mr. Tyler's "whimsical objections" to the Bank Bill were discussed, and a substitute for the obnoxious sixteenth section was adopted. Clay had drawn it up, and in presenting it said that it was open for criticism or amendment, that he wished a free discussion of it, that he was not at all strenuous as to its form, that the senators all had a common purpose, and that he trusted any senator would suggest any modification he thought advisable. Upon this Senator Moorehead, Clay's colleague, proposed a slight change in the amendment, whereupon, says Mr. Weed, Mr. Clay flew into a passion and fell upon Moorehead with tones and language expressive of vehement indignation: "Who are you, sir," he said, "that presume to question what I recommend? Did Kentucky send you here as my censor? Am I to take lessons at your hands? When I propose a measure, it behooves you to acquiesce in respectful silence." This, we confess, looks a little like a glimpse of Clay seen through jaundiced glasses; but he was domineering and quick-tempered; he was that winter in a special state of exacerbation; and he was the master of his party in Congress as in all probability no other American senator or representative except him has ever been. Mr. Rufus Choate, we are reminded, comes in for a chastising during this same discussion of the Bank Bill. Incidentally, Mr. Weed informs us that Clay's opinion of Dickens, who was in Washington that winter, was that he was a puerile trifler, while Dickens, on his part, charmed no doubt with Clay's manner, was writing home to his friend Forster that Clay was "an irresistible man." Mr. Forster should be told, however, that of Shakespeare Mr. Clay's opinion was that he was a bundle of affectations and ridiculous conceits.

Another article in the *Galaxy* which we are reading with more satisfaction than the indurated reader of magazines is apt to get from them, is the series of sketches describing life in a community of Shakers. Like her sister before her, who leaves Wisdom's Valley and celibacy together, this writer evidently was without a "vocation" to the service of Mother Ann, and it is to Elder Evans's curious book that one must go if one would see the informing spirit of Shakerism. But the rather repulsive outside of the Shaker religious life, and the rather coarse domestic life, our author gives graphically and with apparent truthfulness. But we are bound to say that her description of the scene in which Theodore avows his love for Minette gives unequivocal evidence of having been composed after the writer had come in some degree under the influence of the world's people.

For the rest the *Galaxy* has, among many other articles, some more of General Custer's work, entitled "My Life on the Plains," but as the General does not, in this chapter, give us any of his life on the Plains, and gives us instead some theorizing as to the origin of the Indian which he might better have left to Mr. J. H. Trumbull or Mr. Lewis Morgan, we advise our readers rather to skip his contribution this month than to read it. Mr. Isaac Butts contributes a paper in which he discusses the troublesome problem of how to secure good government for large cities. His views are substantially the same as have more than once been laid before our readers in these columns, and are, in brief, to the effect that the expenditures of cities, like the expenditures of railroads, should for the most part be entirely controlled by those persons who have capital invested in the property for care of which the expenditures are made. Mr. Nordhoff may be surprised, Mr. Butts thinks, to learn that the remedy for misgovernment proposed by him in a late number of the *North American Review* has been in operation in Mr. Butts's own city of Rochester for nearly forty years, and that the result of its operation is not that therefore the city of Rochester has now an excellent city government, but that it has one of which the intelligent citizen of Rochester, "especially if he has visible property, stands more in dread than of all the thieves, burglars, highway robbers, and incendiaries that infest society." Mr. Butts does not see that "the best citizens exercise a real control" in Rochester, but on the contrary he sees gentlemen who are not even good citizens, and whose names are not to be found on the tax list, spending large sums of money in order to obtain offices which are without salary and without legal emolument.

Mr. Justin McCarthy writes about John Ruskin for the February *Galaxy*

there is more of Mr. Trollope's new novel, "The Eustace Diamonds"; "Philip Quilbret" writes of "Alexis and the Prince of Wales"; Miss Rose Terry and Miss Lily Nelson make some pretty verses; and there is a quantity of scientific "Notes." In one of these the writer attacks indiscriminately the women who wish to vote and the women who do not for their cruel wickedness or almost unintelligible foolishness in allowing little children to go about in cold weather with their legs bare. He proceeds to a plea for the introduction of the study of physiology into girls' schools, and calls upon clergymen and editors to learn it for the sake of instructing their respective audiences. It has been made a question, however, how long the supply of those two professions would be kept up were the study of physiology and hygiene to become common among men.

The striking paper in the February *Atlantic* is Mr. Edward Atkinson's, and is called "The Visible and Invisible in Protection." The questions involved are such as cannot be handled in too plain, even homely, a manner, or we should have done what we were on the point of doing, and said that Mr. Atkinson's treatment of his subject leaves nothing to be desired, and that his article is perfectly adapted to the comprehension of the class of minds which must be reached and indoctrinated with rudimentary political economy before the legislation of the country can be affected. And perhaps that is what we ought to say, for certainly the article is admirable in its clearness and for the thoroughness with which theory is illustrated by concrete examples; and we feel sure that it will do a vast deal of good. But, as Mr. Atkinson remarks, "when our education is in reality what it is claimed to be, we shall cease to permit our representatives to take from us our liberty and to impose useless taxes upon us under the false pretence of protection to home industry." Our education is not now such; and as popular instruction by endless iteration is impossible in the case of a subject of this kind, which is repellent to the minds of the majority of men, it is the business of the political economists to set forth their theme in a literature as attractive and popular as may be.

Other things in the *Atlantic* are some criticism of Wagner by Alice Asbury; more of Hawthorne's posthumous romance; more of Doctor Holmes's "Poet at the Breakfast Table," which seems to us as good as the "Autocrat"; more of the "Divisions of the Echo Club," to which we should say that out-and-out parody is preferable; a highly finished Newport sketch with some good waterscape cabinet painting by Mr. Higginson; an extremely pretty little Norse song by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyessen, which is like a fountain in a thirsty land compared to most of the poetry one reads; some chapters of Mr. De Mille's "Comedy of Terrors," which, we submit, is a little too ridiculous; another chapter of Jefferson's life by Mr. Parton; and some twenty pages of artistic and literary criticism and scientific and political notes. Sufficiently vivacious the political critic seems to be. Tennyson's "Last Tournament," Forster's "Life of Dickens," Taine's "English Literature" and "Art in Greece," Longfellow's last poem, three German and five French books, are reviewed in the Literary Department, all the notices being good and that of Mr. Forster's book excellent for suggestiveness. There is also some poetry by Mr. W. E. Channing, Miss E. S. Phelps, and Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. It may, for one reason and another, be worth while to call Miss Phelps's attention to the fact that the legends of Petronilla do not end leaving that saint stretched in sick dreams and dull pain on a fated bed; the other versions, perhaps better worth our perusing, tell us that on her earnest supplication she was restored to the use of her limbs.

The *Catholic World* has two articles of painful interest. One describes the massacre by the Communists in May of last year of "The Martyrs of Arcueil"—twelve persons in all, five of them Dominican fathers and the others teachers or servants in the school which the fathers had established at Arcueil near Paris; the other is an account of a visit to the celebrated prison hospital of St. Lazare at a time when some of the *pétroleuses* of the Commune had just been imprisoned. An article which it is more important that the public should examine with care is one entitled "Several Calumnies Refuted," which is an examination into the credibility of "Executive Document No. 37, United States Senate, Forty-first Congress, Third Session." This document, asked for by a Senate resolution, was supplied by Secretary Delano, who had received it from Mr. A. B. Meacham, Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Mr. Meacham's letter of transmittal to the Secretary is dated, we are asked to observe, five days before the Senate passed its resolution, and evidently was forwarded in anticipation of the Senate's action. The document itself consists of written information put into Mr. Meacham's hands by the Rev. H. H. Spaulding, long a Protestant missionary in Oregon, and the gist of it is Mr. Spaulding's account of the murder of a Protestant missionary, Dr. Whitman, by Nez Perces, acting, as Mr. Spaulding avers, under the instigation of Jesuit priests who hated the Methodist and Presbyterian missionaries. Unless the writer in the *Catholic World* manipulates the facts in the most audacious and ingenious manner, the Senate Executive

Document No. 37, 1870-71, embodies some perversion of history and some wicked calumination of brother Christians that is most disgraceful to the Rev. Mr. Spaulding and his abettors. We are not disposed to trust the *Catholic World* over much when a perfectly colorless statement of polemic matters is the thing in question, and that one story is often good till another is told is very well known; but we do not see how the Boards of the Old School, New School, United, and Cumberland Presbyterians in Oregon, and some Methodist, Baptist, and Congregationalist Boards, are going to justify their endorsement of the charges made against Brouillet and Bishop Blanchet. Very discreditable to them the case looks as the *Catholic World* states it, and it will be interesting to see if the Protestant religious press will be able to dispose of the charges here made, or, otherwise, to condemn the making of them.

A long article on "The Cosmic Philosophy" rates Mr. Herbert Spencer as incapable of philosophy and capable only of being what Cudworth called a physiologer; Madame Craven begins a serial story, "Fleurange" by name; an editorial writer contributes the first of a series of tracts in which he will point out the duties of rich men to society; and there is a popular description of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

In *Scribner's Monthly* the reader will find Miss L. G. Noble treating of "A Small Piece of the Woman Question" in a forcible way, and with what seems to us much sense. Miss Noble points out some reasons for believing that none of the nostrum vendors, whether those like Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Woodhull on the one hand, or those like Miss Gail Hamilton and Mrs. Stowe on the other, has yet offered a panacea, and she puts in a petition, in which most people will join her, for a little more insight into the complex influences which tell upon the American girl of the day, or else a great deal less noise. Miss Noble's naturally excellent mode of expressing herself the apparent influence of Dr. Horace Bushnell and Mr. Carlyle has not improved.

Among the other articles in *Scribner's* is an illustrated paper on the marvellous Yellowstone country, which we see Congress is asked to make into a national park like the Yo-Semite Valley. A pleasantly discursive humorous essay is by Mr. C. D. Warner, who has an easy-flowing fund of humor, not very refined nor very new, but which reminds one of a much clarified "Josh Billings" with less buffoonery and more poetry, but not dissimilar in its basis of good sense and good humor. We must also mention, as the most valuable, a perfectly intelligible statement of the burden imposed upon the country by our national banking system—a subject which has needed more ventilation than it has had. We wish the writer would narrate the history of a national bank founded in 1865 in some typical town, Northern and Southern, and show what a very good thing each board of directors got into. This article does it in substance, but, as we have remarked in speaking of Mr. Atkinson's *Atlantic* essay, the popularization of these matters is the desideratum, and they should be written about—in default of a better way—as Mr. Parton wrote about the sewing-machine.

The February *Harper's* is a particularly good number, not only in the magazine's own way but as containing one or two articles a little out of its usual field and good of their kind. Such an article is that treating of a certain part of the vast collection or rather the enormous and chaotic huddle of books, good, bad, and indifferent, which filled the store and cellars of the late Mr. William Gowans, of Nassau Street. Of Mr. Gowans himself, who was a "character," and whom some of his familiars should embalm in printer's ink, the writer has not much to say, beyond the remark that he commenced bibliopole by selling at a street stall—a branch of the business in which no book is so worthless as not to have a value—and that he never afterwards lost the habits of his early bookselling life. Unless, indeed, we may say that he partly lost the habit of selling at all, for in his later years his business seemed to be to buy, and we dare say many book-buyers can recall instances of his untradesmanlike manner and of his apparent repugnance to customers. Like most "characters," he was as apt to be the reverse of amusing as to be amusing, and an occasional lesson in good manners might have done him no harm. The probability is greater that it would have done him little good. He was, however, for the most part a pleasant man, and could be very entertaining when his store of literary anecdote was broached and he chose to be communicative. And that in spite of his eccentricities and brusqueness he was a faithful, hard-working, and just man of business, is proved by the fact of his having risen from poverty to a respectable fortune in the pursuit of a calling which is not particularly lucrative. The writer in *Harper's* describes himself as a collector whose special line of collection is early works of art, and his essay is mainly taken up with descriptions of some rare or valuable copies or editions of old works from the presses of renowned printers adorned by famous artists, annotated by great authors, which he rummaged for amid Mr. Gowans's pile of two or three hundred thousand volumes. Such copies, for instance, as that of Theophylactus, of the Basle edition of 1524, annotated in manuscript by Melancthon, as far as to the Tenth of Matthew, and adorned with wood-cuts from the hand of "I. F."—perhaps John Froben, perhaps

not. As for us—who are so far from liability to the rabies as almost to purchase “diamond editions” and to think rare books might well be rarer—it is not for us to say whether this bibliomaniac in *Harper's* raves to the due height, or whether he does not deserve impalement and midnight burial where four cross-roads meet for being a pretender and guilty of bibliographical blunders of the minutest and most disgraceful kind and of the most vital importance. We have taken his word for his knowledge and trustworthiness; and at least we can say that there is his article, in an unexpected place and open to inspection by those concerned.

The first article in the magazine is “The Scott Centenary at Edinburgh,” and it contains two engravings of the cast of Scott's head and face taken immediately after his death, and which make evident the immense height of the head above the ears, as if Scott had “one more story in his head than other men,” as was once said by somebody looking at a portrait of him. Another thing that we find new in the article is a story about Goethe, Scott, Carlyle, and Professor Wilson. Carlyle being on a visit to Germany, Goethe, who knew Scott to be then busy with the “History of Napoleon Bonaparte,” took the opportunity of Carlyle's return to send over for Scott's use “some very important suggestions, facts, and estimates concerning Napoleon.” When Carlyle reached Edinburgh Sir Walter was at Abbotsford, where he was to remain three months, before the expiration of which time Carlyle was compelled to go to London. He therefore left the papers with Professor Wilson, and with them some medallion portraits of Goethe which Goethe wished Scott to have. The medallions Professor Wilson delivered, but the papers Scott never saw; for Carlyle learned from Lockhart that Professor Wilson had never delivered them at all. This is a circumstance of which the explanation might be interesting in more ways than one; though we might get no additional light on Napoleon's character or any of his actions. In concluding the perusal of this paper, one feels it a duty to praise it, as telling once more the admirable story of such a life as Scott's.

A thoughtful article in this number of *Harper's* is one called “The Pay-Roll of Christendom,” which, admitting that the relation of industry to compensation is out of joint, has some suggestions as to the future of labor, and, among other things, recommends co-operation. In “The Editor's Drawer” we find, quoted from “The Life and Letters of Miss C. M. Sedgwick,” a curious passage, in which occurs the statement that Judge Story, in a conversation with Miss Sedgwick, “denied that Calvinists died with more animation than Unitarians.”

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY.

THE most important portion of the literary side of the *North American* this quarter is the book-notices, though these are not numerous. One of these, however, is extraordinarily good, several others are of high merit, and there is none that will not be read with satisfaction. It is Mr. Ezra Abbot, doubtless, who signs the initials “E. A.” to the leading book review, and that signature guarantees an unostentatious and profuse array of the most accurate scholarship employed to some useful purpose. The point which Mr. Abbot considers is the statement—made originally by Archbishop Trench in the first edition of his “Synonyms of the New Testament,” since widely adopted, and in the latest and most revised edition of that excellent work still insisted upon—that the distinction between the words *ἐρωτάω* and *αἰτέω* is this, that *αἰτέω* is the more submissive and suppliant, indeed the constant word for the seeking of the inferior from the superior (Acts xii. 20); of the beggar from him that should give alms (Acts iii. 2); of the child from the parent (Matt. vi. 9), and so forth; while *ἐρωτάω* implies (in unclassical Greek, for in classical it means “enquire,” “interrogate”) that he who asks stands on a certain footing of equality with him from whom the boon is asked, as king with king (Luke xiv. 32), or if not of equality, on such a footing of familiarity as lends authority to the request. *ἐρωτάω* is the Latin “rogo,” and *αἰτέω* is the Latin “peto.” The Archbishop, having established this distinction, goes on to say, “Thus it is very noteworthy, and witnesses for the singular accuracy in the employment of words, and in the record of that employment, which prevails throughout the New Testament, that Our Lord never uses *αἰτέω* *αἰτέσθαι* of himself in respect of that which he seeks on behalf of his disciples from God; for his is not the *petition* of the creature to the Creator, but the *request* of the Son to the Father. The consciousness of his equal dignity, of his potent and prevailing intercession, speaks out in this, that often as he asks or declares that he will ask anything of the Father, it is always *ἐρωτάω*, *ἐρωτήσω*, an asking, that is, as upon equal terms (John xiv. 16; xvi. 26; xvii. 9, 15, 20), never *αἰτέω* or *αἰτήσω*.” The dozen or so of pages in which Mr. Abbot shows with the utmost conclusiveness that the Archbishop has not a particle of color for making his distinction between the verbs; that his very noteworthy inference from the distinction has no basis whatever; and that he must have made his theory as to verbs

by the Saviour's use of these words and the general use of them in the New Testament without taking anything like proper pains in verifying his citations, are such pages as may serve the scholar and controversialist for a model of procedure, and for an example of the true spirit of learning.

Another good review is a witty notice of the latest volume of Mr. Masson's so-called “Life of Milton.” The reviewer, having the fate of the Countess of Desmond before his eyes, and feeling extremely old since accomplishing this second volume, declares that he has not ventured on climbing a cherry-tree since he began to read the biography. The worst of the matter is that Mr. Masson's book will prevent for a long time the appearance of a good life of Milton, who assuredly deserves it more than most of our English poets, and whose life might so well be made illustrative not only of the prideful will of the English Puritans, which struck out the figure of the arch-rebel in literature as well as struck off a king's head in politics, but illustrative also of the literary history of England—the learned, elegant, and accomplished Milton being, as Mr. Palgrave points out, the proper close and consummation of an epoch of English poetry which expresses the great Renaissance movement. Mr. Masson's aggregation of materials will be enough like a biography to warn off men who are competent to the task of making a true life of the poet, and will also no doubt by-and-by invite some less competent person to compile one that shall be convenient rather than sufficing.

Of the *North American's* other book-notices we may mention the elaborate notice, interesting to teachers, of Roby's Latin Grammar, and the notices reviewing “Lanfrey's Napoleon,” “Baxter's National Debts,” Freeman's “Historical Essays,” and Colonel Meline's “Mary, Queen of Scots.” The heat of this latter writer the reviewer remarks upon with some justice; but the author's primary intention appears to have been to show by a rigorously careful investigation that Mr. Froude, in his pretended history of Mary, made statements which he must have known to be inexact.

In the body of the *Review* we find for the most interesting literary article an account by Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave of a resuscitated poet, Thomas Watson by name, a friend of Sidney's, who vied with his accomplished friend in making “amourist” poetry of great smoothness and sweetness and of very considerable poetical merit. The age and the fashion of the age would seem to have had much to do with the young man's poetizing; but also there seems to be in the verses proofs that their author had it in him, as doubtless his friend and patron had, to have by-and-by done more than play a sweet variation of an elegant air of another's composing. There is a promising genuineness here and there hinted in some of the verses which Mr. Palgrave quotes.

“American Criticism” is by Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, and contains some indubitable truths as to the American critic; as to his former rascally good-nature, for instance; as to his ill-nature, too, directed against Boston if he was a Baltimorean or a New Yorker, and against New York and Baltimore if he was a Bostonian; as to his ignorance; as to his low standard of criticism; as to his foolish Americanism; and as to the whole legion of his faults. But Mr. Bristed takes, on the whole, a cheerful view of the subject, and might, perhaps, take a more cheerful one still, if he would turn from his own article in the *North American* to the critical notices at the end of the volume. There are not many of them, to be sure; and the *North American* is only one review; but the root of the matter is in us after all; and some American criticism is not surpassed for essential correctness. However, there is sufficient need for us still to be told that we are, on the whole, slovenly workers in literature, whether we compare ourselves with French or English models.

Ambas Américas—Contrastes (The Two Americas in Parallels). By R. P., of Venezuela. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.)—We do not think we betray a secret in telling our readers, what every reader of these sketches must easily discover, that the writer of them is Señor Ramon Paez, the son of the ex-dictator of Venezuela—whose “Autobiografía,” published in this city, we reviewed some years ago in this paper—and author of “Wild Scenes in South America” and of “Travels and Adventures in South and Central America.” The aim of the author in writing the last-named publications was to make the English-reading public familiar with the character and striking features of those sections of Spanish-America best known to him; his aim in publishing the book before us is to make his countrymen, and the citizens of South America in general, familiar with those institutions, improvements, and modes of life in the United States which they could most easily introduce within their own spheres. In order to enhance, however, the value of what he recommends, he feels obliged to picture, in parallels, also the corresponding shady sides of South American existence—and unfortunately these latter pictures are exceedingly dark, while the things presented for imitation are somewhat brightly colored, and—what is worse—in part the results of con-

ditions and circumstances which the best will of the South Americans would be unable to reproduce. But if these parallels on the two Americas cannot fail to impress the readers in the southern division with a painful feeling of inferiority, they must also prove beneficial in imparting the knowledge of

certain improvements which are not beyond their reach; for the author discourses not only on the higher phases of development and civilization as reflected in various public institutions of his adopted country, but also on the arts of making butter, preserving meat, preserving wood, and similar things.

For the convenience of purchasers not caring to buy the second volume of Taine's English Literature before reading the first, the volumes will be supplied separately.

TAINÉ'S ENGLISH LITERATURE

2 vols. \$10. Holt & Williams, Publishers, New York.

NOW READY. PRICE 40 CTS., POST FREE.

THE NEW HYMNAL

OF THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

Printed from the Standard Plates, and bound in cloth boards.

POTT, YOUNG & CO.,

Cooper Union, New York.

HURD & HOUGHTON, New York;

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, Cambridge,

Announce that their Edition of

THE HYMNAL

is now ready, and for sale by booksellers generally, at the price of

ONE DOLLAR.

They also publish an Edition of

COMMON PRAYER

uniform with the "Hymnal" in style and price. These books are made with reference to good taste and economy, simple and elegant in style.

Liberal discount for large orders.

THE CHEMICAL FORCES;

HEAT, LIGHT, ELECTRICITY,

with their applications to the expansion, liquefaction, and vaporization of solids; Photography, the Steam Engine, Spectrum Analysis, the Galvanic Battery, Electro-Plating, Electrical Illuminations, the Telegraph, etc., etc.

AN INTRODUCTION TO

CHEMICAL PHYSICS,

By THOMAS RUGGLES PYNCHON, M.A.,

Professor of Chemistry and the Natural Sciences, Trinity College, Hartford.

594 pp., 12mo, cloth, \$3.

Published by TANTOR BROS.,

678 Broadway, New York.

YOU HAVE SEEN THE ADVERTISE-ment of "THE WEEK." Send 25 cents for a trial subscription of four consecutive numbers. It is the very paper you need who have neither money to buy nor time to read all the leading journals, and who yet must keep up with current opinion. In it you will find what the leading home and foreign journals are saying from week to week on Politics, Society, Literature, Science, and Art, Music, the Drama, etc. Terms \$3 a year. Address "THE WEEK," P. O. Box 1383, New York.

SALESMAN or BOOK-KEEPER.—A young and trustworthy man, who has had experience, desires employment in either of the above positions. Can furnish good references.

Address, G., P. O. Box 6732, New York City.

FRENCH READINGS.—Mr. Favarger respectfully announces to the Subscribers of the course that the opening reading takes place Friday, February 2, at 11:30 A. M., at Chickering Hall.

The readings are published in a brochure, for each week, at Mr. Christen's, 77 University Place. No tickets sold at the door.

MAGAZINES FOR 1872.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. respectfully invite the attention of the public to the two following valuable English Monthlies, for which they have taken the American agency:

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND POLITICS.

"The Contemporary Review" is unequalled in its peculiar department of literature by any similar periodical. It embraces among its contributors the most able writers and deepest thinkers of England, and the sterling value of the review is evinced by its extended reputation and influence. As an index to its character, attention is invited to the following

CONTENTS OF JANUARY PART.

1. On Hibernicism in Philosophy. By the Duke of Argyll. 2. The Church of the Future. By the Bishop of Tasmania. 3. Evolution and its Consequences. A Reply to Prof. Huxley. By St. George Mivart. 4. The Idealism of Milton. By Prof. Dowden. 5. Moral Philosophy and Savage Life. By Prof. Calderwood. 6. The English and Scotch Churches. By Prof. Tulloch. 7. John Huss and the Ultramontane. By Rev. A. H. Wriethlaw. 8. On Words in Mental Philosophy. By Prof. Maurice. TERMS: Yearly subscription, \$7 50. Per number, 75 cents. With Lippincott's Magazine, \$10 50 per annum.

THE ST. PAUL'S MAGAZINE.

A MONTHLY OF

LIGHT AND CHOICE READING.

Edited by ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Fresh, brilliant, and apposite articles, by writers of taste and experience, form the staple of this magazine. The piquancy and variety of its matter render it one of the most attractive periodicals of the day. Two highly attractive serial stories, "Septimius," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and "Off the Skelligs," by Jean Ingelow, are begun in the

JANUARY PART; CONTAINING,

1. Septimius. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Part I. 2. The Latest Tournament. 3. Literary Legislators. By Henry Holbeach.—1. Mr. Disraeli. 4. Clift Wings. By Katherine Saunders. 5. Among the Hebrides. 6. The Last of the Haugmen. By Robert Buchanan. 7. The Art of Beauty. 8. Off the Skelligs. By Jean Ingelow. Part I. TERMS: Yearly subscription, \$3 50. Per number, 30 cents. With Lippincott's Magazine, \$6 50 per annum. For sale by Periodical Dealers generally.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Importers,
715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

TO BOOK-BUYERS, Scholars, and Amateurs.

The fullest Bibliographical Record of NEW BOOKS, AMERICAN AND FOREIGN, PERIODICALS, MUSIC, WORKS OF ART, Etc., together with general Literary and Scientific information, Contents of Periodicals, Descriptions of Novelties of Stationery, Fancy Goods, Scientific and Musical Instruments, New Inventions, Patents, etc., and miscellaneous literary and trade matters, will be found in the PUBLISHERS AND STATIONERS' WEEKLY TRADE CIRCULAR,

with which is incorporated the AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

Established in 1853. Leading articles in No. 1. American Literature in 1871; in No. 2, International Copyright. Price of Subscription, per annum, including postage, \$2 50.

Nearly Ready:

THE AMERICAN CATALOGUE OF BOOKS Published in the United States during 1871, with size, price, and publishers' names, and a classified Index of subjects. 1 vol. royal 8vo, price, net, \$1 25. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. F. LEYPOLDT, Publisher, 712 Broadway, New York.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

THE ONLY COMPLETE EDITION.

CONTAINING the latest Manuscript Corrections and Notes from the Author's interleaved copy. With Glossaries and a separate Index to each volume. Illustrated with Vignettes and Frontispieces. 25 vols. Crown 8vo, cloth, \$31 25; half calf, \$68 75. The Work is printed in a legible type cast for the purpose.

FIELDING'S WORKS.

NEW EDITION.

With an Essay on his Life and Genius. By Arthur Murphy. Edited by James P. Browne, M.D. 10 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$30.

KNIGHT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

8 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$25; half calf, \$40.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

22 vols. 4to, cloth, \$125; half russias, \$175.

CLARKE'S

CONCORDANCE TO SHAKESPEARE.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

Being a Verbal Index to all the Passages in the Dramatic Works of the Poet. By Mrs. Cowden Clarke. Imperial 8vo, cloth, \$9.

Imported and Sold to the Trade at Liberal Discounts by
LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

OUR ENGLISH BIBLE

AND

ITS ANCESTORS.

BY THE REV. TREADWELL WALDEN,

Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, Indianapolis.

16mo, tinted paper, cloth, extra, \$1 25.

A VERY COMPLETE SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE, from the time of Wycliffe, written in a very fine, forcible style, and full of suggestive thought. It is intended, as a whole, to be an argument for revision, and at times the author writes eloquently in behalf of it. In its historical statements it is always accurate, and constitutes a history of the Reformation in England from the standpoint of the Bible. The story of the English Bible is a very fascinating one, and to this little book, as bringing out this profound interest which gathers about it, we are much indebted, and heartily commend it to our readers."—Christian Witness.

"An admirable popular account of the successive steps in the growth of the English version of the Bible, from the first attempt of Wycliffe down to the final revision in the time of King James."—Sunday-School Times.

"In itself a story of profound interest, the ripe and elegant scholarship of the author gives it many additional charms; and it is specially welcome now, when our version of the Holy Book is to take another step forward, and assume that additional completeness necessary for a new age."—Christian Union.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,

522 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

